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Herbert G. Ponting.

AN ADELIE PENGUIN.

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COUNTRY LIFE

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Mechanical Farming

A SUBJECT which is attracting considerable attention in agricultural quarters is that of the development of agricultural machinery to meet the changes in agricultural conditions. Mr. J. R. Bond, who introduced this subject at a recent meeting of the Farmers' Club, has performed a timely service to the industry in directing the attention of both farmers and manufacturers of implements to this means of combating some of the difficulties which confront agriculture at the moment. Those who have given any considerable degree of careful thought to this question have for long been aware of the fact that machinery can be utilised on a very much more extensive scale on the farm than is common at present. By this means a ready weapon is to hand with which to fight high costs of production. The days of dependence upon the extensive use of skilled manual labour recede more and more into the background. It must not be taken for granted, however, that the engineer has completely solved all the labour problems which confront the agriculturist. Yet the advance has been considerable, and, even with such implements as exist at present, it has been possible for Professor Wibberley, on 2,000 acres of arable land at Crawley, to reduce the labour bill from £125 to £70 per week within seven years—an example sufficiently startling to demonstrate the economic significance of suitable machinery used to its maximum advantage. The existence of the Oxford Institute of Agricultural Engineering again testifies to the degree of importance attached to this subject in educational quarters.

The future of arable farming in this country is still in the melting pot. Despite the excellence of last season's crops, prices are so low as to prove unremunerative, and the plight of the farmer who has pinned his faith to arable land is still as bad as ever. The extensive use of machinery under such conditions becomes imperative, though it is not suggested that any farmer would willingly undertake cereal production at the present time as a main branch of farming, even if fully equipped with the necessary power and implements. Yet, if cereal growing is to stand any chance of successfully meeting the strong overseas competition, we must adopt the tactics of these competing countries, and make full use of suitable machinery. There are many examples in arable farming where uneconomic methods obtain. There is now no question about the utility of the modern tractor, and it has more than proved its value for rapid ploughing, as well as for hauling the other implements so extensively employed on the farm. Speed and power are its two great assets, while the variety of purposes for which it can be utilised give it a greater value than that originally claimed for it. It is now being extensively used in good practice for the hauling of harvest cutters, grass mowers, and combined corn drills and harrows. Half the battle in farming is to do an operation when suitable weather obtains for the purpose, and this is definitely where tractor power scores. The present developments in tractor design are in the direction of evolving a dual-purpose type which will function equally well on the ploughed field or on the road.

Allied to the question of efficient arable land management is the subject of manure loading and distribution. Colonial farmers have placed great faith in mechanical distributors, and there is a definite field for their employment in this country. The cost of loading, hauling and distributing this important fertilising agent is a considerable item in arable cultivation. Harvesting, too, as recently pointed out in these columns, promises to undergo vast changes in competing countries by the use of the combined harvester-thresher.

If the full use of suitable implements is essential in arable farming, there is equal scope for their employment in those branches of agriculture which yield more remuneration. Dairy farming, in particular, is probably the most extensive form of agriculture in this country, and even here labour problems are beginning to occasion concern in some directions. The colonial dairy farmer has eased his labour problems by the extensive use of milking machines, and it is patent that a similar trend is taking place in this country. Mechanical milking to-day is vastly different from mechanical milking ten years ago. Improved types of machines are available, which are not only efficient in their work and as labour savers, but also give a product which, from the standpoint of cleanliness, is equal to that obtainable under the most perfect manual methods.

There are other aspects of the mechanisation of farms which deserve consideration. It is fairly obvious that a great many of the implements at present in use on many farms deserve the fate of the scrap heap. Replacement with modern implements necessitates a heavy capital expenditure which few are able to afford. On the average small farm it may not always be possible to utilise modern machinery to the maximum advantage, and it would, therefore, appear that the extensive farmer is better able to afford extensive dependence on mechanical farming, and to benefit to the greatest extent. Yet over and above these particular considerations there is the human element, which may make or mar the success of mechanised agriculture. Agricultural education is quite alive to the place of the machine on the farm; and, with that point in mind, greater stress is now being placed on agricultural engineering in college and farm institute courses in agriculture. The skilled farm mechanic is a new addition to the skilled labour on large farms, and there is a wide field of opportunity before those who have a mechanical turn of mind.

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COUNTRY NOTES

AS we look forward across the New Year ahead of us we are conscious of many desires for the future, and foremost among them is the wish that in its early days the cloud of doubt and anxiety which has hung over us for the past month may be dissipated and the King may be restored to his accustomed health. As we write, the dawn of the year has brought with it new hopes, and we all most fervently trust that the slow and wavering progress towards recovery may soon become steady and assured. In some departments of our national life the year opens none too brightly, but the experience of the past has had its effect and there are many directions in which the horizon is fairer. In the disastrous times through which the coalfields of South Wales are still passing the response of the rest of the nation has shown that a spirit is abroad which hardly existed a year or so ago. In industry there is far more prospect of peace: far more of a spirit of co-operation. The future of British trade on the whole looks brighter. So long as the coal trade remains in its present state the heavy industries of the country must remain at a cruel disadvantage; but prospects are gradually improving, and the reports from the great iron and steel centres and even from some of the shipyards make encouraging reading. We still have much that is disagreeable to go through, for the aftermath of 1914 is not yet reaped, but each year brings us nearer to national recovery and, we greatly hope, to international stability.

SOME men's chief claim to distinction is that they have somehow become typical of a particular set of people or period of years. The distinction may be a very considerable one, as it was in the case of Lord Lambourne. Colonel Mark Lockwood was a typical gentleman of Edward VII's reign: a keen soldier, something of a dandy, a genial and shrewd Member of Parliament, whom, as "Uncle Mark," E. T. Reed delighted to caricature, and a great gardener. Steele's description of Sir Roger de Coverley is as apt to him: "He is cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour that he is rather beloved than esteemed." At the banquet of the Royal Horticultural Society celebrating the opening of the new hall, Lord Lambourne, as President, made a characteristically witty speech, which must have been one of his last. There are many good stories of his rather Puckish drollery. Arriving at some party, he is said to have heard the guest in front of him on the stairs give his name as "Lochiel and Mrs. Cameron." Not to be outdone, he gave his as "Number Five Audley Square and Mrs. Lockwood."

THE expediency or, alternatively, the iniquity of the playing of lawn tennis at our Public Schools is often discussed nowadays. A correspondent has been kind

enough to send us the result of a question on the subject which he has addressed to all the leading Public Schools. He asked whether lawn tennis formed part of the "sports curriculum," a phrase which produced from one head master, not unreasonably, as we think, a "mild protest." There are several schools where lawn tennis is regularly and seriously played—Repton is a case in point. It has produced very good young players, in particular H. W. Austin, while its cricket, once so famous, has shown, or so some of its old boys think, signs of deterioration. Blundell's is another where the game is officially recognised; so is St. Columbus' in Ireland, but the general run of the answers is to the effect that the game is played more or less casually on a few courts and not as an organised "school game." This is a state of things which most people, who are not unduly agitated over the Davis Cup, will probably approve, and there seems at the moment very little fear of cricket being dethroned. Incidentally, it is an interesting fact that one school, Canford, possesses a "real" tennis court, and it is from there that we may expect our Heathcotes, Lytteltons and Baerleins of the future.

THE mention of tennis reminds us that this year will see the 400th anniversary of the court at Hampton Court. Here is a court where Henry VIII played, where Queen Elizabeth and, perhaps, even Shakespeare watched, from which Charles II copied his court in Whitehall. And it is still in full play, the scene of many pleasant and strenuous matches among modern devotees of this truly noble game. That is a unique and most romantic record, one to be properly celebrated. No one would have appreciated the romance of it more fully than the tennis player whom many friends are now mourning, the late Mr. E. B. Noel. He was a great player of tennis and rackets and a great lover of them, and he wrote of them not merely with technical knowledge, but with a fine zest of affection. At different times he had contributed a number of articles to COUNTRY LIFE, and what he had to say on any ball game was always sure of respectful attention. For a long time he had to fight against ill-health, but he fought so cheerfully, and got through his work as secretary at Queen's Club so successfully, that his sudden death came as a most painful shock. There have been few men to whom it was given to have so many friends.

SOLITUDE.

This is a lonely place,
And old in dreams; the woods
Fold in their wide embrace
Unravished solitudes.

Here, while still evening falls,
And the grey light grows less,
Peace builds the shadowy walls
Of ancient quietness.

Her hands uprear the gloom,
And evermore round me
The vast unshuttered room
Of night grows silently.

She has such mighty guests
To furnish for and keep,
For here old Saturn rests,
And Time comes home to sleep.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

THE idea of a national collection of films has long been mooted, but has only recently come into practical existence with the acquirement of the Ponting film, which we illustrate, of the Scott Expedition—which is the subject of our first article this week—by the trustees of the National Film Institute. Such a national collection will be of incalculable value to future historians, and would give them not only an impression of personalities which no still portrait can convey, but a grasp of detail and environment giving an accurate and intimate picture of its proper period. Generations yet unborn may see the films of the Great War and the historical scenes at Versailles, Kings and potentates, statesmen and soldiers, scientists

and authors, records of great people and great events. Centuries from now the National Film Collection will be as important as the National Portrait Gallery, and the elect will be filmed for the nation and suitable displays of great men projected on anniversaries and festivals. It is our loss that the cinematograph is but a modern invention, but, even so, the earliest films are beginning to have the interest of age, and selections of early "topicals" are astonishing reminders of how things have changed even in our short time. A national collection begun now, while early films are still in existence, will, in a few generations, be a priceless asset to any nation.

THE Exhibition of Dutch Art which opens to-day, promises to rival the famous Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art of two years ago. The galleries and collections, both public and private, in this country and in Holland, from which the pictures have been drawn have provided a representative assemblage of the work of Dutch Masters such as has never been seen before. There are many reasons why this exhibition is bound to be a great success. The pictures have been chosen and hung with the greatest care by a joint Anglo-Dutch committee of the best possible qualifications. The great Masters of the Golden Age are to be seen in all their glory. Rembrandt, with over fifty pictures, out-tops them all in number, as he does in imagination and technique, and some of his masterpieces are truly magnificent. From the Rijksmuseum comes "The Jewish Bride"; from Buckingham Palace, "The Adoration," and "The Man in Armour" from the Glasgow Gallery. But Franz Hals lags not far behind, and there is a delightful room which Vermeer shares with Terborch and Pieter de Hooch. There is also a section of modern paintings in which we see van Gogh for the first time in a Dutch and not a Parisian setting. The organisers of the Exhibition are greatly to be congratulated.

THE problems involved in the preservation of game in a progressive colony are bound to require very careful examination. The Annual Report of the Kenya Game Department for 1927 relates in most interesting fashion the difficulties which arise when the interests of colonist and sportsman conflict. The new colony will and must develop its agrarian and commercial life, and at the same time Kenya must at all costs remain what it is—the finest big-game preserve in the world. Although, in 1927, the conflict of interests became in no way acute, there were many unpleasant factors against which the Department had to contend. The increase of poaching, resulting in an increase of prosecutions, was very marked, and in many parts, particularly round Nairobi, produced a temporary scarcity of game. The motor car is, however, the worst enemy of game preservation, and night shooting from cars is becoming increasingly common. Kenya thus finds itself engaged in a struggle to preserve its incomparable heritage of wild animal life not unlike that going on in this country to save the beauties of our countryside, and in both instances it is the selfishness and thoughtlessness of those who cannot see beyond their immediate commercial interests which form the main obstacles to be overcome.

FEW people will regret the progressive abolition of electric tramways which is taking place in so many provincial towns. Gloucester is one of the latest to replace trams with omnibuses, and is following the example of Birmingham, Sheffield, Oxford and Cambridge. Experience has proved that the tramway system is both expensive to operate and a very serious cause of traffic congestion and road dangers. A further source of objection is the continual expense of the reconstruction of roadways where rails are laid, and the saving on this item alone is enough to pay for the cost of petrol omnibuses to replace the electric trams. Some big towns—notably, Wolverhampton—have adopted a compromise. The tram rails no longer exist, but big six-wheeler, double-decked omnibuses are driven by electric power from the overhead cables. They are quiet and, as they are not confined to the rail tracks, but can manœuvre

anywhere in the roadway, they are little more obstructive to traffic than a petrol-driven omnibus.

WE heard this week of a small boy who rang up a household of his acquaintance to inform them ecstatically that he had just contributed one penny to the distressed miners and thus gained a free telephone call. This wonderful privilege is only one of the many joys of the Schoolboys' Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, opened last Saturday by Sir Robert Baden-Powell. Postage stamps, pet animals, miniature railways and all manner of other ingenious devices are here to be seen. In particular there is an electric railway made by the boys of a North London school, which was made in school hours and from materials provided by the London County Council. Once upon a time boys, if they had attempted such a feat at all, would have had to do it in play time, out of any materials they could beg, borrow or steal, and with very little encouragement from authority. The change is symptomatic of the modern belief that things which interest and amuse a boy help to educate him: it may, perhaps, make a little envious those whose distant boyhoods had none of these alleviations. This exhibition is a wholly admirable institution, and the only slightly alarming thing about it is that Sir Robert Baden-Powell told the boys to "invent something good—something better than the mouth-organ." Here is a prospect for the elders of some excruciating moments.

IT is difficult to realise that the rather poky Savoy Theatre, which is soon to be re-built, was the latest thing in theatres less than fifty years ago. It was opened by D'Oyly Carte in 1881, during the run of "Patience," which was the first of the operas to be seen by electric light. The four earlier operas had been given at the Opéra-Comique, a dishevelled building at the bottom of Wellington Street. The new combined theatre and steel-framed, terra-cotta hotel were the first sign of Americanism to be seen in London. For the decoration of the theatre a classic style was adopted, "but, of course," as a contemporary writer observed, "only a picturesque version of it." Fifty years hence, when the operas have become "classics," the old Savoy might have acquired the charm of Mozart's rococo Residenztheater at Munich. Its Victorian elegance would have been compared affectionately to Sullivan's more sugary passages, and its attenuated pillars to Gilbert's less spontaneous witticisms. But to at least one present-day lover of Gilbert and Sullivan their theatre showed up the least agreeable side of the operas, and it was wise policy, quite apart from considerations of seating capacity, to give the recent revivals elsewhere.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

"I see," he said, "that sorrow may be well—
Shaking the heart's tower to achieve a swell
Of undreamed music, as from some deep bell.

"And I have found," he stated, "evidence
That even in joy resides much excellence;
For hearts should flower before they must go hence.

"Wisdom is born of disillusion's rue,
And fortitude of blows not light or few;
Sickness outlived makes all our world anew.

"But I'll be dashed," he stormed (in consternation
Philosophy made off), "if revelation
Waits upon my fate—which is sheer stagnation!"

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

IN London we are kept unpleasantly conscious of the fact that we live in a period of rapid transition. On every side we see the past crumbling, and vast popular projects taking the place of the mansions of the good and great. The Foundling Hospital is disappearing, and we hear that on its site is to be built a super-Olympia flanked by flats—a conception that should lend itself to original architectural treatment. Lansdowne House only awaits a purchaser to be replaced by flats, so that Berkeley Square will soon be as overshadowed as Portman Square is becoming. There are persistent rumours that one of the greatest of

London landowners is selling his estate—a transaction which will be the biggest property deal in history, if it comes off. So, clearly, it is waste of emotion to bewail the passing of the—past. Within a few years the houses

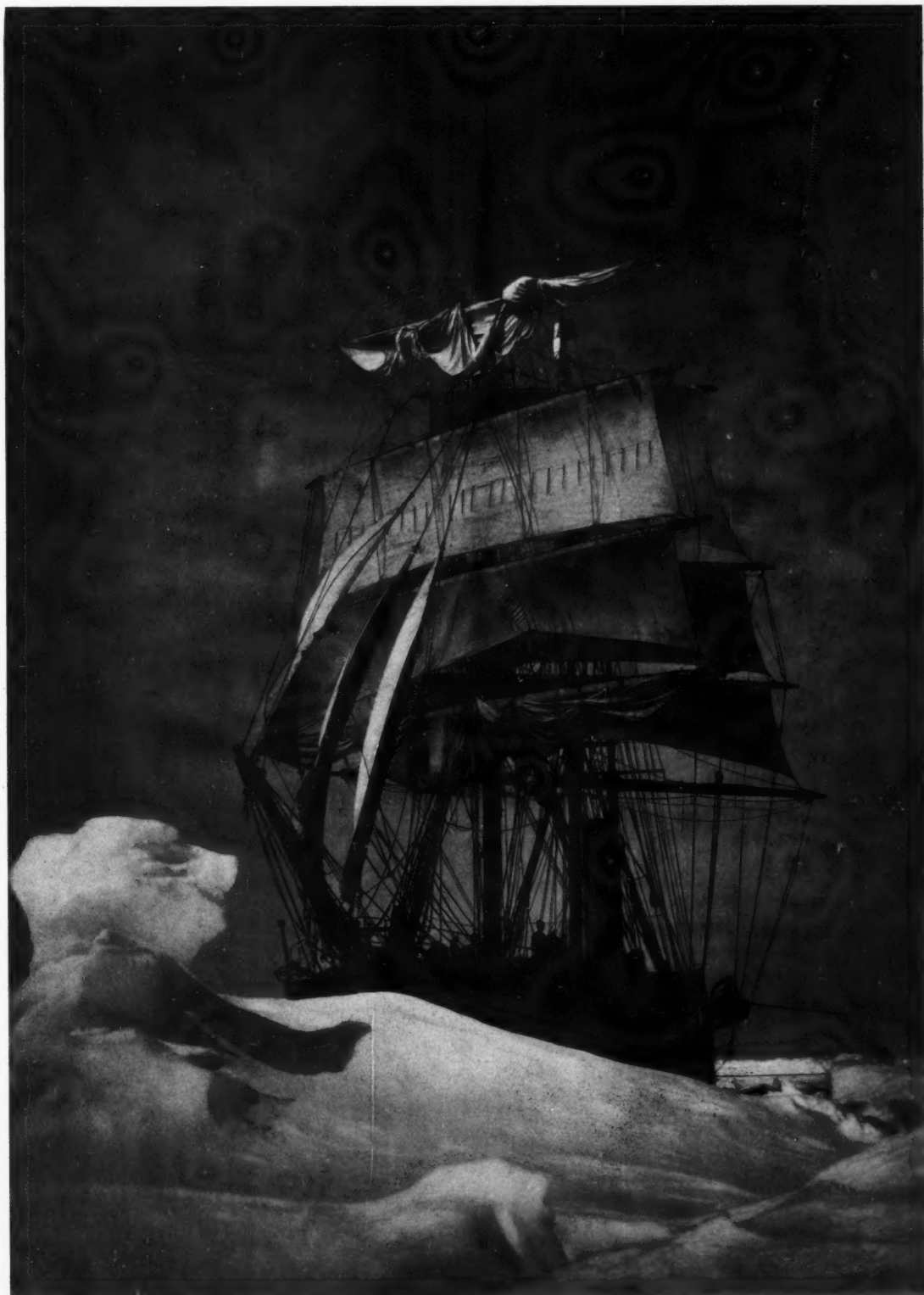
of our childhood will have followed the horse 'bus and the stage coach, and twentieth century London will be as different from Georgian London as that was from the London of Queen Elizabeth.

THE SCOTT EXPEDITION FILM

A NATIONAL EPIC

FOR years people have vaguely recognised that certain films of great events will possess an enormous historical importance as contemporary records, but before a film is worthy of acceptance as a national heirloom to be held in trust for the benefit of generations yet unborn, it is necessary that it should record great men, great deeds

and great occasions. The story of Captain Scott's Antarctic Expedition is a national epic. Out of all great tales of travel, adventure and heroism in our time, it stands unrivalled and alone. The photographs and the film record of the expedition, taken by Mr. Herbert G. Ponting, is probably one of the most remarkable pieces of skilful photography ever accomplished,



Herbert G. Ponting.

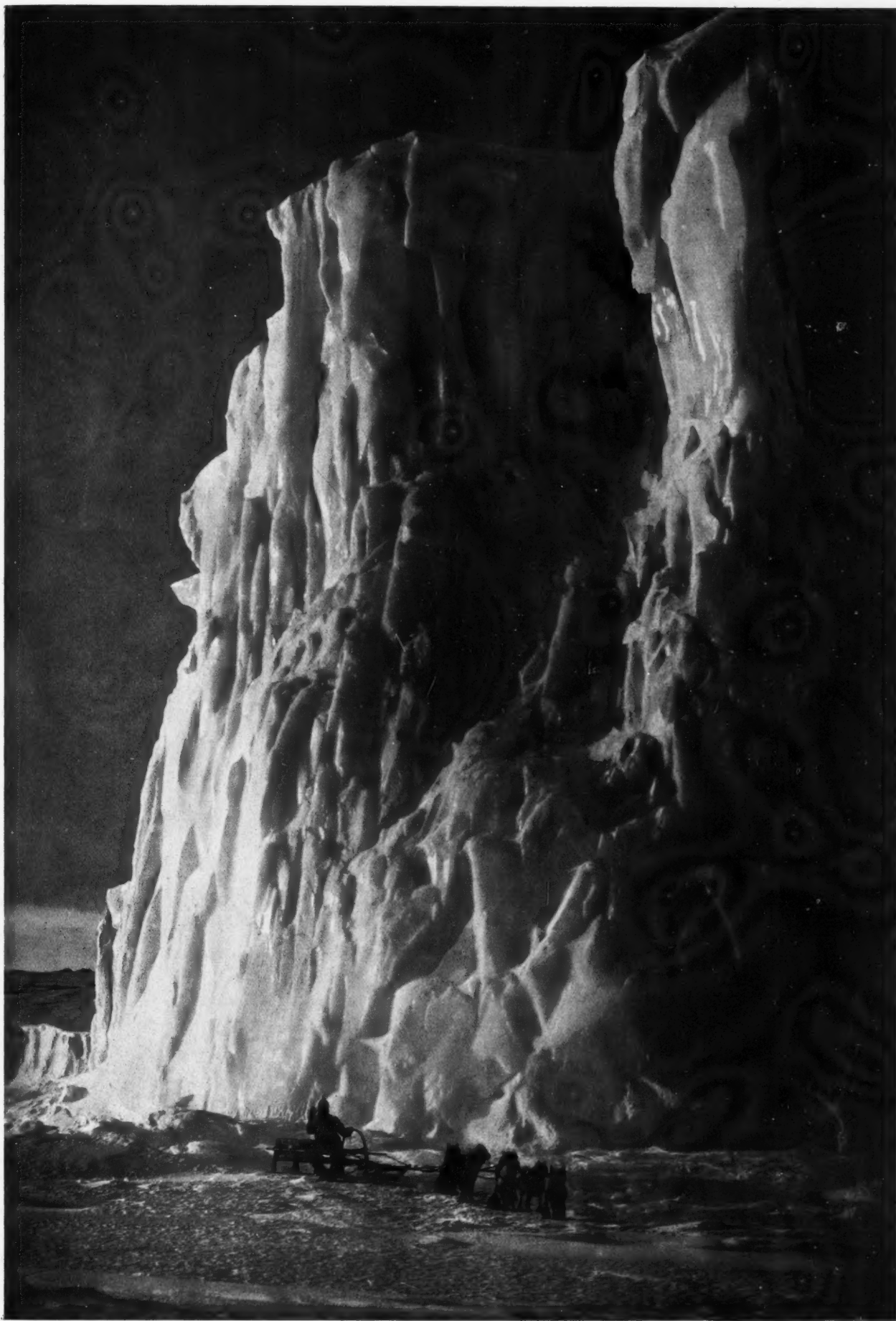
THE TERRA NOVA ICEBOUND.
Scott's last expedition.

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*Herbert G. Ponting.*

THE TERRA NOVA AT THE ICE FOOT, CAPE EVANS.

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Herbert G. Ponting.

END OF THE BARNE GLACIER.

Copyright.

and has served to visualise for hundreds of thousands the setting of the greatest heroic drama of Polar exploration ever known.

This film has now been bought for the nation by the British Empire Film Institute. To the credit of Mr. Ponting, it should be recorded that, rather than let this film go to America, he accepted for it a relatively small sum. The trustees of the Institute hope, however, that public support will be forthcoming which will enable them to pay to him an amount equal to one-third of what he would have received had he accepted the American offer.

This national purchase of the Ponting film is the first of its kind, and is the result of Mr. Ponting's persistent advocacy of a national film collection. The Institute has in hand a programme by which other important national film records will be acquired and kept in safe storage. Among the films of the Great War there must be some no less worthy of preservation than this wonderful epic of peacetime heroism. And, inevitably, from time to time we shall have great historic occasions which should be recorded in film for posterity.

It was of this film that His Majesty the King, after the command exhibition at Buckingham Palace, said to Mr. Ponting:

this is a gentle intimation that he wants her for his sweetheart, and to come along and make a home." A first deposit, in fact.

Interesting as the nature photographs are, splendid as the scenic records may be, these all take second place beside the splendid story of Scott's tragic victory. We can imagine films as pictorially successful, but we cannot conceive a greater heroic drama than that last fateful journey from the Pole. Shortage of fuel, the endless Antarctic blizzard, the bitter disappointment of the knowledge that a Norwegian had forestalled them, the splendid courage of Captain Oates' self-sought sacrifice, and then, thirteen days later, the inevitable end.

Scott's diaries tell the tale—and give us that glorious sense of the spirit which infused all members of that fateful expedition—courage, self-sacrifice, hardship and privation ungrudgingly borne. These great lights of the spirit shone in the darkness of the Antarctic waste, and in their splendid death these men were honoured by the nations of the world. They had met fate as gallant Englishmen. A bare year later the youth of our nation had to meet the call of duty under arms, and deeds of heroism and endurance no less fine than Scott's were blazoned on the roll of our nation's glories. This film of the unwavering courage of Englishmen in time of peace was shown us at the



Herbert G. Ponting.

ADELIE PENGUINS IN THE PACK ICE.

Copyright.

"I wish every British boy could see this film and know its story, for it will help to foster the spirit of adventure." Those who have seen it can never quite forget all the scenes—yet, if we reflect, how many film pictures are there which we can remember at all—and how few are worth the effort of memory. Who can fail to call to mind, when Scott's great name is mentioned, that picture of the Terra Nova silhouetted against dark sky and open water and almost overhung by the great blue white bergs of the ice foot.

The comic and engaging penguins, the quarrelsome skuas and the placidly maternal seals are sheer delight to all who care for natural history in the sense of live records of live animals in their natural surroundings. Never before has the camera recorded the hatching of chicks born in the incredibly cold regions of the unknown Antarctic lands. Never before had the course of penguin true love been recorded as fully as its fictitious human counterpart at Hollywood. To quote once again Mr. Ponting's description: "In the early spring, when every penguin lightly turns to thoughts of love, the scenes on the penguinry are most amusing; unmated young ladies stand about singly or in groups and the gentleman penguins parade about inspecting them. When a gentleman comes across a lady he admires he gives her an amorous glance, brings a few stones and lays them at her feet. Penguins build their nests of stones, and

front in time of war. There could not have been a better example of self-sacrifice, fortitude and sense of duty. To-day the spirit of adventure and exploration is no less keen.

The knowledge we possess of these distant Antarctic lands is very little. The coast line of the great Antarctic continent stretches for some twelve thousand miles, of which only about five hundred miles have been explored. To-day we attack the mystery with better equipment than dog sleighs, and while news may come at any moment that Commander Byrd has successfully flown across the South Pole, Sir Hubert Wilkins' expedition is already at work on the geographical and economic exploration of the Antarctic continent, and a wonderful nine-hour flight across the Weddell Sea has disclosed the fact that Graham Land is itself an island mass separate from the continent, and has further led to the discovery of six previously unknown islands.

The explorers have had to wait weeks for a clear day, and infinite labour has been devoted to preparing the runway for the launch of the planes. At last the day came, and then, in a nine hours' flight, Sir Hubert Wilkins and Lieutenant Eilson flew over one thousand two hundred miles, covering vast areas of mountain country and seas never before seen by the eyes of man. It is not too much to say that this one flight in the Antarctic has furnished more accurate geographical knowledge



THE SEAL'S HEAD ONLY APPEARS FOR A SECOND.

than could be gathered in a season's work by an expedition not equipped with aeroplanes.

Sir Hubert Wilkins' expedition is predominantly a geographical expedition, but he believes also that there is untouched economic value in the great coal deposits believed to underlie the Antarctic lands. With accurate knowledge may come

prosperous development of resources of inestimable value to Australia, but the successful initiation of these well equipped aerial expeditions of to-day is due to Scott's glorious work, and, but for this, the Antarctic sub-continent would still be *terra incognita*, and these important scientific expeditions are but following the trail blazed by the immortal pioneers.



Herbert G. Ponting.

A WEDDELL SEAL ABOUT TO DIVE.

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THE LARGEST MOTH IN THE WORLD

THE largest moth in the world, or *Attacus Atlas*, to give its correct name, is one of the most beautiful insects in existence. It is by no means rare, being a common acquaintance with those people who have travelled in the East, but, as it is inclined to be local, this reason alone, together with its large size, causes it to be singled out from most insects. A very rare variety has been captured off Northern Australia; but for this, one may say that its limits are essentially confined to the Orient.

It has occasionally been bred in this country, and a celebrated entomologist of the 'nineties writes an amusing account of how he endeavoured to restore the health of his sick caterpillars by the aid of quinine. On account of our treacherous and very much colder climate, it is, however, quite impossible to acclimatise this magnificent creature.

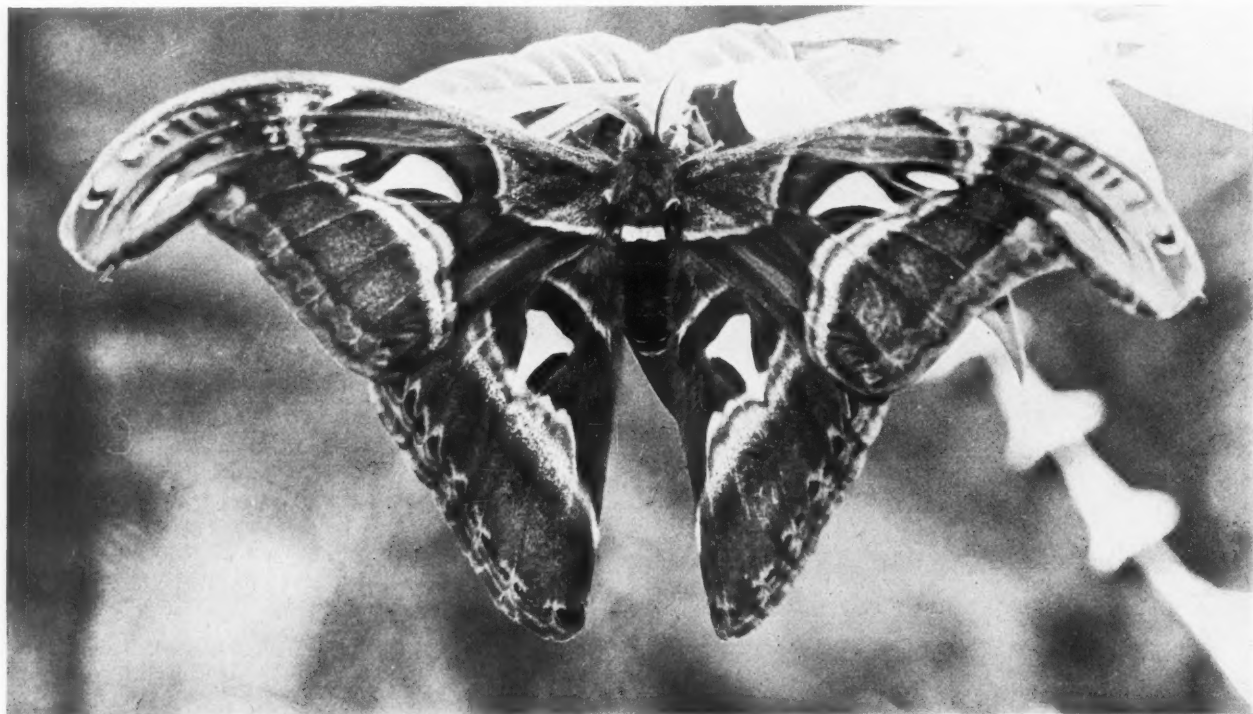
Although, under fairly simple conditions, it sometimes may be reared with comparative facility in an ordinary greenhouse, suitable plant food on which to rear the caterpillar usually presents the greatest difficulty.

Like most insects, it commences its existence as an egg—a small ovoid object about one-eighth of an inch across and of a beautiful pink colour. The eggs are laid by the parent moth in lines along the sides of twigs or dotted in twos or threes upon the upper and under sides of leaves. In a warm climate these eggs hatch in eight or ten days, when the small caterpillars make their way into the world by eating a hole in the eggshell

were present in the previous stage, but too small to be actually noticed. Each of these tubercles at its apex supports a beautiful little coronet of five or six hairs arranged in an asterisk fashion. The black stripes down the sides can now be seen more plainly, and a further change is shown by the arrival of an orange splash, situated on either side and just at the end part of the body—that is, on either side of the last segment. The little feet are black, while the head is of chocolate brown.

No one, on seeing the insect at this stage, would suspect it of eventually becoming so magnificent an insect as the largest moth in the world, for it certainly is not beautiful; but, as it continues to grow, however, changing its skin every six or fourteen days, it does commence gradually to show signs of becoming something rather interesting—hardly beautiful, but certainly peculiar. For, after it has changed its skin for the fifth time, it assumes a greyish colour. The orange marking disappears, and so does the zebra striping. The body now becomes pitted all over with small translucent cells, but probably the most striking of all are the tubercles—these having now assumed the form of spines. The hairs have disappeared and the general tendency is for them to slope backwards, while on all sides is issued a strange excretion like a wax powder or white pollen; this falls on to the body, giving to the insect an appearance of having been dropped in flour.

The caterpillar cannot possibly be called beautiful. It is merely strangely bizarre and, therefore, very interesting.



ATTACUS ATLAS: ITS WINGS MEASURE A FOOT ACROSS.

of sufficient size to ensure their freedom. Previous to this they have lain curled up inside.

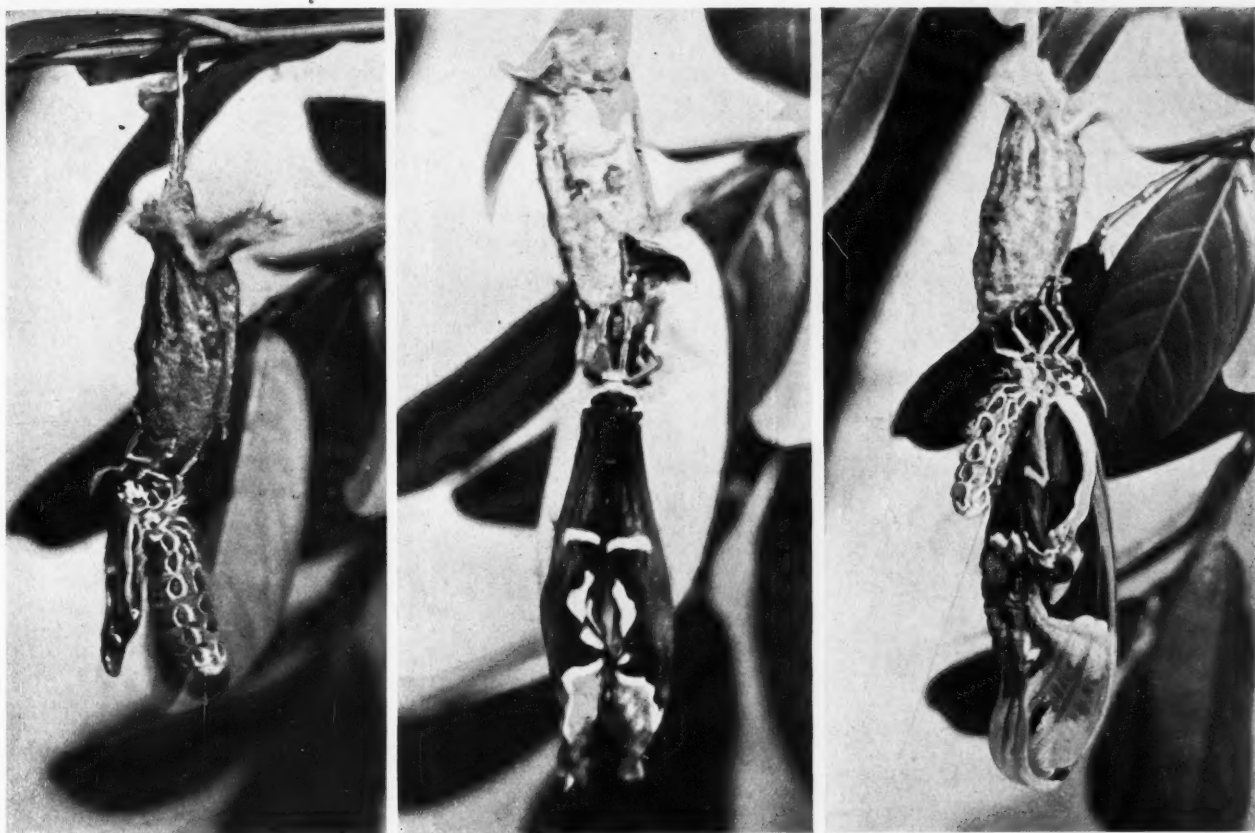
At first, these little creatures are white decorated with zebra markings of black, but, since they are so small, measuring little more than 1 centimetre in length, it is difficult to see clearly with the naked eye the nature of the design. They commence to feed almost at once, and, with the exception of short intervals which take place from time to time, when the little caterpillars all congregate down the centre of the leaf and turn their heads round in the direction of the tail, they would appear to eat all the while, so it cannot be wondered that by the arrival of the fifth day they are feeling so uncomfortable that a change of skin is inevitable. They stop feeding, therefore, and very systematically spin a small carpet composed of silk thread on the underside of the leaf. Into the meshes of the silk they attach their prolegs. These are armed with little hook-like apparatus. There, anchored, they rest until the new skin which has been gradually forming underneath is ready to be disengaged from the old one.

At the critical moment the old skin is cast off, but in such a curious manner that it resists description, and must simply be watched to be thoroughly appreciated—the intricate contortions through which the insect goes are worthy of a fashionable *débutante* getting into her Court dress.

An hour or so after the shedding of its skin the little caterpillar shows signs of a change. The main colour is still that of cream, but both the sides and the back are now seen to be adorned with little wart-like projections called tubercles; these

It continues to grow, eating all the while, until at last a period is reached when it measures about seven inches long and an inch high. It then quite suddenly goes off its appetite, and begins to wander round in search of a suitable leaf with which it may construct its cocoon. The spinning of the cocoon, again, is another wonderful operation, the caterpillar toiling incessantly for three days, or even longer, without resting, and moving its head backwards and forwards over five thousand times. We are indebted to Trouvelot, a French naturalist, for this interesting observation. The cocoon in size is equal to about four mulberry silk cocoons. It is of a pale brown or whitish grey colour, and hangs pendant from a twig, thus reducing vibration and making it less easy to be attacked by birds, bats or mice. Inside the cocoon the caterpillar gradually shrivels up until it measures little more than 2 ins. long and 1 in. broad; then it casts its skin for the last time and appears not as a caterpillar, but as a pupa. This, in some respects, reminds one of an Egyptian mummy, as all the features of the future moth are carefully moulded and easily distinguishable, but the general appearance is that of a moth enveloped in a tight-fitting skin.

During this stage the insect is practically incapable of movement: it can only just wriggle the lower portion of its body. It rests thus over a period of eight months or four weeks, according to whether it belongs to the first or second generation, and then, if it has survived the attacks of numerous enemies as well as the heavy monsoon rains, it prepares to emerge as a perfect insect. From time to time now the cocoon will give a little jump and swing slightly from the stalk. This is caused



"IT RESTS ON THE LOWER END OF THE COCOON WHILE ITS WINGS ARE SLOWLY DISTENDED."

by movements of the pupa within, and may be likened to the quickening of human life. Then comes the great moment: in a hot, sweltering forest, in an atmosphere filled with the rich and heavy scents of numerous tropical orchids, when everything is quiet and still—for it will be late at night or an hour or so before dawn—the Atlas moth appears on the stage of life. But not all at once.

For, first of all, the pupa inside swells, and the moth commences to breathe more quickly. A slight cracking noise is heard, like that of a mouse scratching, and then, still confined within the high walls of the cocoon, the pupa skin breaks away and the head of the moth is thrust forward into the apex of the cocoon. By carefully pushing, it is able to stretch itself in such a way that its head at length comes to rest in the opening of the cocoon. This is similar in shape to the neck of a bottle, and is formed entirely of loops of silk placed in such a clever way as to make a valve, so that, although nothing may enter, the moth has only to thrust aside the silken threads to set itself at liberty.

While the moth rests there, with its head in the valve, a little bubble of clear liquid slowly exudes from its head; this liquid has a softening effect on the cocoon fibres, and so makes the emergence a little more easy to accomplish. Then, all at once, the top of the cocoon commences to heave, as though something were pushing from within—which actually is the case—and quite suddenly the head or face of the moth comes into view. It consists chiefly of a large brown furry nose with a large black eye on either side, and from a certain light these glow, as if on fire.

The birth now proceeds so rapidly as to leave one quite breathless with excitement, for, once the head is free, the two huge and beautiful antennae, or feelers, are revealed. They remind one of a pair of very fine feathers, so perfect are they in detail. These are followed by the first and second pairs of legs. Then, with a final effort, the fat body, distended with yellow blood, together with the ungrown wings, is dragged overboard. Once free from its

sheltering prison, the moth clambers down on to the lower end of the cocoon, for it knows as if by instinct that this is the most suitable place for it to rest while its wings are slowly distended. By the light of the moon it is possible to distinguish this strange object, for at this period in its history it is still not beautiful. The body is long and swollen, and the wings are like little pieces of felt with some curious pattern worked upon them. But in less than two minutes there seems to be a change taking place: these bits of felt-like material are suddenly expanding. They are becoming longer. As one gazes, excitement becomes intense, for within twelve minutes these flaps grow from a mere 1½ ins. to 5½ ins., at the same time spreading out and revealing the most glorious of patterns, like some wonderful piece of design executed in pastels of maroon, olive and pink.

These beautiful wings are not fully grown in less than forty-five minutes, and it is only after two hours have elapsed that the moth can open them out from a vertical to a horizontal position (like a butterfly), when they measure approximately a foot across. Then, as though exhausted from its struggle for existence, it rests thus with wings outstretched, revealing all its marvellous splendour, and the beautiful antler-like feelers are thrown back across the thorax, denoting that the insect is sleeping.

Looking from the underside, it is possible to see the beautiful body, now shrunk to its normal size, the blood having been transferred to the veins of the wings. The body, in some respects, is as beautiful as the wings, being of soft fur diapered and patterned in a truly wonderful way. Looking once more at the wings, the tips are marked with a curious eye-like marking, suggestive of the side view of the head of a snake; this is a warning mark. The centre of each wing contains a triangular window pattern, which is as transparent as isinglass. These are elaborately outlined with a deep band like black velvet. The other colours are not brilliant, being composed of soft pinks, maroons and olive brown, but so skilfully blended and with



A SIDE VIEW OF THE FEMALE.

such perfection that it makes one wonder why Nature thought wise to lavish so rich and so varied a colour scheme on an insect which flies chiefly by night. For twelve hours or so the lovely creature rests in this position, quite motionless; then, towards the approach of dusk on the day following, it will slowly commence to vibrate its wings. For a little while the whole insect

trembles, and then, just as suddenly as they began, the huge wings give a final flap, and the great creature, with a whirring noise, sails up into the air on its first flight. It does not fly fast, but lazily and majestically, and on account of its huge size it is frequently heralded by the natives as the elephant moth.

CARTWRIGHT FARMLOE.



WINTER CHUBBING

By P. MUNTZ.

WITH the fall of the October leaf the purist of the chalk stream leaves his creasy swims and retires, like a fish out of condition, into his winter quarters at the Anglers' Club, there to brood over memories of the

southern meadows till a breath of spring reawakens interest in his March Browns. But the whole-hearted disciple of Walton can endure no such prolonged inertia, and throughout the autumn and winter months placid figures may still be



THE BEND OF THE STREAM.

observed on misty river banks equipped with camp-stool and macintosh, plying their ancient craft with bait-can, worm-box and spinning tackle, fortified by a genial luncheon basket containing "a good honest wholesome hungry repast." These are the true votaries of the "Contemplative Man's Recreation," but to the dry-fly fisherman a little of this sort of thing is likely to go far enough; he is, or should be, far from looking down on their tranquil pastime, but he recognises in no doubtful manner that it is not for his temperament.

Yet there are places even on the slow waters of the eastern counties to which he may be seen furtively stealing when a touch of frost in the air and the sight of the golden sedges gleaming in the pale sunshine make the day too good to be spent away from the water. Not for him the deep reaches of the main river, its monotonous surface does not intrigue him: his quarry is not the sullen pike which haunts its reed-fringed depths, nor the plebeian bream of its profundities; but his fish sense becomes aroused at the point above the lock where the current, slipping across the weir, enters half a mile of streamy water of a very different quality. For here the river becomes alive with alternating deeps and shallows, with tapered runs into shadowy recesses and eddying swims over sunken shelves, giving a variety not unworthy of such water as the Dorset Frome in its upper reaches.

the most deadly lure is the live minnow, and in some swims the pickled or artificial minnow may be successfully used by those who dislike the use of live bait. But, whatever the bait, the tackle must be fine and good, first to delude and then to hold a heavy chub in the first determined dash for his retreat among the snags, and the angler who brings such a fish to the net may surely treasure the memory of it as a worthy winter sequel to halcyon days on clear waters.

Here, where the current creases out over the deep under the near bank, approach low down behind those dead thistles and drop your lead quietly till the line slackens, then raise your point and freeze into immobility. When you feel him, strike and look out for trouble; a four-pound chub on a nine-foot split cane is not to be cavalierly treated, especially when his will is set on that tangle of willow roots down-stream. But if fortune holds good—and your tackle—two or three hectic minutes should show the gleam of his side near the surface, and then it will not be long before he lies on the grass, not unhandsome in his shining armour of bronze, black and silver. "And if the Angler take fyshe surely then is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte." True words of the worthy Prioress Dame Juliana, though more than five hundred years have passed since they were written.



CREASY WATER.

In the pool where the turmoil from the lasher tails out in eddies there may be a heavy perch which will put up a gallant fight; the holes under the bridge or the sluice gate are eight feet or more in depth, and may hold anything from an otter downwards; and under the willows at the bend of the stream, where there is a gravel swim into a profound and shaded pool, there dwell some veteran and crafty chub of three or four pounds weight.

In the summer heats this is a reach which calls for all the skill of the fly fisher, fishing far and fine, for the chub is as shy as the trout and watches for danger down-stream as well as up; he basks on the surface of the water and cruises to and fro across the shallows, sinking into obscurity at the slightest alarm; but in winter he is in the depths and can be carefully approached with less risk. There is a wide choice of winter baits, and good authorities suggest cheese paste, macaroni, bullock pith and lobworms. It may be a moot point whether or no it be fitting that a split cane should be asked to meet a lobworm on speaking terms, but it is a long span from September to March, the familiar rod is the only one which seems to handle well, and, in any case, it is whispered that such "flies" are not unknown even on secluded trout streams in periods of exasperation. But perhaps

Winter days are short—there is no evening rise, and it is useless to stay till the duck are fighting in at dusk. So home across the fields, where the wreaths of mist are already forming, pondering as we go on the many aspects of "this pleasant curiosity of fish and fishing," and not least on the problem of what to do with the catch. For, in spite of all the herbs and salt and vinegar and verjuice of Izaak's Hostess, it is not possible to make a palatable dish of his chavender or chub; even "Piscator" admits that his head is the best part of him, and it is noteworthy that, though "Venator" affirms with cold politeness that her dish is "as good meat as ever I tasted," they are both very willing to "part charitably" with the second fish to "some poor body," it being "a good beginning of your Art to offer your first fruits to the poor," while as for the third, "Oh, it is a great logger-headed Chub; come, hang it upon that willow twig and let's be going!"

Regretful memories arise of those broiled trout, firm and red and savoury on a breakfast table at Bere Regis; but comparisons, like broiled chub, are truly odious. Let us, then, be good disciples, and "part charitably" with it; after all, perchance it may—"pleasure some poor body"!

PARGEWORK IN ESSEX



THE MOOT HALL, WIVENHOE.

PARGEWORK, or pargetting, is to be seen at its best in the eastern counties, and more especially in Essex. In this region timber-framed houses were in general use during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Most of them had their outer wall surfaces plastered, and these were often enriched with ornamental pargetry. The prevalence of pargetwork in this area shows how the type of building in a given locality is influenced by its geographical and geological characteristics. Here there was no building stone, and the old builders were forced to use timber and brick. Complete brick houses had not yet become the order of the day except in the mansion houses of the great ones of the land. The natural outcome was the timber-framed house on brick foundations. The spaces between the studwork were filled with clay lump, that is, blocks of dried clay which had been puddled when wet and mixed with spear grass and straw. Later, wattle and daub became popular. This filling consisted of rizzes or razors of hazel sticks set between the timbers and used as a reinforcement for wet clay, which was daubed on from both sides until it was flush with the woodwork. Both forms of walling needed protection from the weather, for dried clay

cannot withstand frequent wetting and drying. Some kind of lime plaster was the natural protective material to be used, for it was obtainable anywhere and easily mixed. It consisted of lime, sand and pounded tiles in varying proportions. The whole wall surface was coated with plaster, the timbers of the framework as well as the clay which filled the spaces between them. Being very durable, it is a great protection to the whole fabric as well as an efficient draught excluder.

The plaster was thrown on with a trowel, and usually before it became thoroughly dry some slight stickwork design would be pricked out upon it with a five-toothed comb. These small patterns vary with each locality, and among those to be seen are chevron, fan-scale, figure-of-eight or guilloche curly work, bird's-foot and dot and rope. The wall surface was usually divided into large rectangular panels by fixing template boards

on to a partially plastered wall and then plastering up level with them. When the plaster was dry, the boards were removed, leaving a kind of frame. Each panel usually carried a design distinct from the others.

The plasterer was usually his own designer. He was a village craftsman, and he tended to specialise on some set of patterns and handed them down to his



DETAIL ON A HOUSE AT CLARE.



COLNE FORD HOUSE, EARLS COLNE.

successors. Hence the tendency for some patterns to be localised. Hair was added to the plaster during the later part of the sixteenth and during the seventeenth centuries, often in great quantities. It had the effect of making the plaster very tough and durable. It also enabled the plasterer to work patterns in high and low relief as a change from the small stickwork ornamentation formerly wrought on the flat surfaces. Sometimes the plasterer contented himself with making an oval panel encircling the date of the building, possibly adding the initials of the owner of the house. When more ambitious or more skilful he would model coats-of-arms, Tudor roses, fleurs-de-lis and other motifs. In the larger examples of parquetry the walls are usually divided into large panels, which were treated geometrically, the groundwork consisting of conventionalised foliage and stems enriched with fruit and flowers cleverly wrought. Where figures were attempted they usually show that the craftsman was ignorant of proportion and modelling.

Pargework is to be seen throughout Essex, one of the most interesting examples being Nell Gwynn's house at Newport. On the old Sun Inn at Saffron Walden there are big figures of Gog and Magog. Also there are parquetry houses at Great Chesterfield and Prittlewell, and many small examples of pargework in Colchester and its immediate neighbourhood, which include those at Great Coggeshall, Dedham, Markshall and Aldham. At Rivers Hall, Boxted, the date 1713 is modelled in the parquetry wall at the back of the house. There are also examples at Ford Street, Mount Bures and White Colne, but among the most extensive are those on the Moot Hall at Wivenhoe and at Colne Ford House, Earls Colne. The decoration in each of these cases covers the whole of the upper wall surfaces, and the designs are worked in high relief which shows considerable artistic merit. Good



GROTESQUE FIGURE AT COLNE FORD HOUSE.

workmanship is self-evident, for the plaster is still in good condition, although nearly three hundred years old. Each panel at Colne Ford House carries a different design. These consist of fruit, rosettes, shells and quatrefoils superimposed on a running strapwork of conventionalised stems and foliage which are arranged in geometrical patterns.

On the left of the front door is an oval panel enclosing the date 1685 and the initials G.E.T. for George and Elizabeth Toller. On either side of this panel are two curious objects resembling cylindrical hand bells. Another example of this occurs on the south-east wing of the house beneath the feet of a grotesque figure. The representation of this queer object can scarcely be a mere coincidence, and one is led to wonder what it is and what is its significance. The modelling of the figure contrasts with the other work on the house. It stands with arms outstretched, the right (dexter) holding a bird and the left an oblong object ornamented with a quatrefoil. It has the head of a wild-looking man with bulging eyes, long hair and pointed beard. On a kind of apron a pair of birds is executed in relief. Its feet have strange excrescences growing from them. If it is the work of the same hand as the rest of the plasterwork, it shows that, however good he was at his geometrical designs, the craftsman was quite lacking in knowledge of anatomy. The plaster decoration at the Moot Hall at Wivenhoe bears a family resemblance to that at Earls Colne, and consists chiefly of flowing designs of conventionalised stems, leafage and flowers.

Ceilings were enriched with parquetry work, and are sometimes found in most unexpected places, such as in the Three Cups Hotel at Harwich and in Box House, Dedham. Other examples of indoor parquetry are at Layer Marney, St. Osyth, Manningtree, Kelvedon and Colchester.

FRANK ALDOUS.

THE EXHIBITION OF DUTCH ART BURLINGTON HOUSE, LONDON 1929

THE phenomenal success of the Flemish Exhibition two years ago has had the effect of arousing the keenest anticipation for the great Dutch Exhibition, which opens at Burlington House to-day. And, quite apart from the fact that one success stimulates another, there is a historical continuance in the Dutch Exhibition following the Flemish, for the two schools of art are intimately connected, forming, as it were, two successive chapters of a single development. Though Rubens and his contemporaries figured largely in the Flemish Exhibition, the centre of interest lay, obviously, with the primitives, in that century and a half of brilliant production that separated Breughel from the Van Eycks. Much that characterises the later Dutch school had its roots in that period, when Flanders led the way—the technique of oil painting, with the consequent preoccupation with detail, with tone, and a generally visual rather than plastic conception; the small scale and intimate nature of painting, especially of portraiture, suitable for the houses of the middle classes as opposed to the

churches and palaces of Italy; the complete absence of contact with classical antiquity, causing all the forms to be derived from everyday life and the immediate surroundings of the painter. After the separation of the northern from the southern Netherlands it was principally in Holland that this manner was carried on, while the Catholic Southern Provinces turned more and more towards the Italian grand style.

During the rigours of the Reformation and the struggle for independence Dutch art all but ceased to exist, a somewhat frigid school of portraiture alone keeping the traditions alive that were to be so brilliantly expanded by the next generation. The golden age of Dutch painting was of short duration, covering but the span of a lifetime—and that of Rembrandt, 1606-69, may be conveniently taken as marking its limits—but it was productive of so much great art, besides a host of admirable minor painters, that it challenges comparison with art periods of century-long duration in other countries. The Exhibition, naturally, concentrates on this golden age,



JOHANNES VERMEER: HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL.



REMBRANDT: "ST. LUKE."



REMBRANDT: PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN.



JAN STEEN: "THE POULTRY YARD."



GABRIEL METSU: "THE LETTER WRITER."



PIETER DE HOOCH: "THE CARD PLAYERS."



JOHANNES VERMEER: "MAN AND WOMAN AT THE VIRGINALS."



AELBERT CUYP: "THE MAAS AT DORDRECHT."

though it opens with a room of primitives and closes with three or four rooms of modern masters, including Van Gogh. Those who remember the first room of the Flemish Exhibition need not anticipate the same difficulties of access—nor, for that matter, the same reward—this time. The Dutch primitives are, for the most part, sixteenth instead of fifteenth century

masters, and are, in a sense, but an offshoot of the great Flemish school. Lucas van Leyden, who spent the greater part of his life in Antwerp, which was then the centre of wealth and patronage for the whole of northern Europe, is typical of the rest. This fact makes it sometimes difficult to distinguish between what is Dutch and what is Flemish, so that some painters who



MEINDERT HOBBEEMA: LANDSCAPE.



FRANS HALS: PORTRAITS OF A MAN AND HIS WIFE.

were seen in 1927 will appear again, in some cases, notably that of Bosch, in less well known examples. Gerard of Haarlem, or Geertgen tot Sint Jans, as he is generally called, is one of the most attractive of the earlier Dutch primitives, but, on the whole, Dutch art historians have concentrated so wholeheartedly on the art of their great age, that little has been done to lift the veil that the Reformation cast over religious art. It is to be hoped that the interest that some of these pictures will undoubtedly arouse at the present exhibition will cause Holland to take more account of her early art, and perhaps eventually to undertake a study of the little that may have survived from the Middle Ages, as has recently been done in this country.

The seventeenth century is, of course, represented in all its aspects, with the single exception of the *Doelen* or corporation portrait group; and we may be thankful that that at least remains to call us over the water, for it is certainly the type of picture that is probably more dependent on its setting and surrounding atmosphere, on the Dutch landscape and architecture, than any other product of native art. When Holland is so completely brought to our door, it is well to remember that the great Halses at Haarlem and Rembrandt's "Night Watch," "Anatomy Lesson" and "Syndics" still remain in the country where they were painted. But, with this exception, Dutch art is represented at Burlington House with a fullness that has never been equalled. Barring the Hermitage, almost every collection, both

public and private, containing notable Dutch pictures has contributed; at the same time, the committee has wisely decided to represent the best painters to the exclusion of many little masters, so that the Exhibition, while giving a remarkably



FRANS HALS: "THE MERRY LUTE PLAYER."



JOHANNES VERMEER: VIEW OF DELFT.



JACOB VAN RUISDAEL: "THE MILL NEAR WIJK-BY-DUURSTED."

complete picture of every branch of Dutch art, is free from those innumerable tenth-rate productions which make the average Dutch picture gallery so tedious in its general aspect.

Rembrandt, naturally, looms largest with over fifty pictures, and this numerical preponderance only emphasises the extent to which he surpasses all his contemporaries imaginatively and technically. He alone of all Dutch painters soars above the narrow limits of homely domesticity, he alone works on a scale that makes his works comparable to those of Titian, Rubens and Velazquez, he alone, after learning in his youth how to produce the meticulous enamel so esteemed in his day, evolved a technique capable of expressing the force of his imagination, the intensity of his passionate interpretation of life. It is only necessary to mention that he is represented by such world-famous masterpieces as "The Jewish Bride," from the Rijks Museum; "The Adoration," from Buckingham Palace; "The Man in Armour," from Glasgow; the two delightful portraits of Titus, from the collections of Sir Herbert Cook and Lord Crawford; "St. Luke," and many others.

Frans Hals shares the glory with Rembrandt in Gallery III, and a comparison with some of the earlier portraits shows the amazing power of this master of the brush in making it convey not the dead form of the human countenance only, but its vibration in response to changing moods. The laughter of some of Hals' sitters strikes a healthy note in the midst of the decorous formality generally insisted on by the Dutch burghers of the seventeenth century. One of the most remarkable exhibits is Hals' "Merry Lute Player," brought over from America.

These two painters, Rembrandt and Hals, are, in a sense, the most important masters of the Dutch school and rightly occupy the largest amount of space. But if queues are to be feared anywhere, and it is not likely that they will be either shorter or less continuous than two years ago, it is in the room that Vermeer shares with de Hooch and Terborch. Vermeer makes quite a special appeal to us to-day. He was the first to see the light of day as we have learnt to see it since, and that alone would account for his popularity, when we consider the important part that the study of light and of *plein air* has played in the painting of the last century. How completely this quality was lacking in the work of his contemporaries is best proved by the fact that Rembrandt's "Night Watch" still goes by that name, when it was really intended to represent sunlight. Vermeer's greatness does not only lie in his having painted the glowing, diffused light of day. De Hooch and others reflected this achievement to some extent, but none equalled Vermeer in his admirable plastic sense of design, which appeals so strongly to the modern classic and decorative tendencies in art. A picture like the "Girl's Head," from the Hague; or the "Man and Woman at the Virginals" is perfect as a piece of plastic design quite apart from its human charm, and this is a thing that can be said of hardly any other Dutch painting, with the possible exception of a few late Rembrandts.

And Vermeer is able to do this without in any way overstepping the normal limits of Dutch art. He is a typical *genre* painter, painting the same pleasant interiors as his innumerable contemporaries, yet with all the difference in the world separating him from them. Perhaps his early exercises in the Italian manner, on a large scale, illustrated in this case by the Christ

in the House of Mary and Martha, from Edinburgh, and the Diana, from the Hague, may have had something to do with the difference of vision; at any rate, they must have taught him to lay more stress on form and light than on surface texture and detail. And, quite apart from his wonderful quality, Vermeer is the rarest of all Dutch painters, so that to see ten of his pictures assembled under one roof is a thing so unprecedented as, in itself, to fill the gallery with art lovers from all over the world. It is generous indeed of the Dutch Government to have lent the only two landscapes that Vermeer is known to have painted, "The Little Street," from the Six Collection, and the incomparable view of Delft, from the Hague.

Genre painting, the most characteristic branch of Dutch art, the outcome of the democratic state of society then prevailing in Holland, is represented by its best masters, Terborch, de Hooch, jolly Jan Steen and elegant Metsu, in a manner that it would be difficult to surpass.

If the character of Dutch society is reflected in these domestic scenes, then the character of the land itself has left a deep impress on the Dutch school of landscape painting. The flat, low horizons and cloudy skies first painted by van Goyen have inspired many a later artist, some, like Ruisdael, whose superb "Mill" has been sent from Amsterdam, emphasising the melancholy gloom of this northern clime: others, like Cuyp, investing it with Claude's sunshine, seen through a moister atmosphere.

In order that some at least of the surroundings of Dutch seventeenth century life should be seen beside the pictures, the Exhibition has been enriched with a few choice examples of Dutch silver glass and Delft pottery, while the character of Dutch architecture may be appreciated through the church interiors and topographical street scenes so beloved by the painters.

The modern section contains works by the Maris family and, above all, a fine collection of Van Goghs. We are so accustomed to see this artist in the company of his French contemporaries that we are apt to forget sometimes that he is of the race of Rembrandt. By seeing the two painters under the same roof we shall be able to recognise similarities which will help towards a better understanding of both. Van Gogh, like Rembrandt, was an intensely imaginative artist and, like Rembrandt, he was forced to create a trenchant new technique in order to express the force of his mental conceptions. Like Rembrandt, he never sought any classical perfection or abstract beauty, nor did he yearn for the exotic, like his friend Gauguin, because, again like Rembrandt, he saw enough romance in his immediate surroundings. A pair of boots, a postman, the asylum were as sufficient for him as a flayed ox, the Jews of Amsterdam and his own family were for Rembrandt, to whom he is a not unworthy successor. However brilliantly the Old Masters may compete with each other, certainly the modern rooms of the Dutch Exhibition will, thanks to the presence of Vincent van Gogh, prove far more attractive than the modern section of the Flemish Exhibition. An excellent souvenir has been produced illustrating over 150 exhibits, which will be a valuable record of the most remarkable collection of Dutch paintings ever brought together.

M. CHAMOT.

YET ANOTHER FINE COURSE

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

THOSE who praise enthusiastically any particular golf course must always reckon upon some rather unkind comments from their friends, such as, "Of course he likes it—it's not long and it suits his scuffle." Conversely, if he is disposed to criticise, the friends exclaim, "Naturally, he can't get the ball up in the air enough to carry the bunkers."

These remarks are, as I said, unkind; they are often, to a large extent, untrue, but there is sometimes just a measure of truth in them, and it hurts a little. Admittedly, it is extremely difficult to keep the judgment unaffected by personal considerations. A very conscientious man who had played a good round on a new course might condemn the course on that account; if it were really a fine one, he might say, he never could have done such a low score on it. This is, however, a rare case—so rare that it may be neglected; the fact that we have played well on a course is much more likely to make us esteem it a "fine test of golf." It is, in a sense, my job to look at new courses and, moreover, I am old enough to have learnt better, yet I confess to a serious distrust of myself. That which has freshly aroused that distrust is a visit I paid a few days ago to

the new courses of the Berkshire Club, which lie, as everyone knows, between Ascot and Bagshot. I had seen them before, when they were still in process of being made, but that was some time ago, and I had never played there. Now, it happened that we played the outgoing nine holes of the "Red" course against a stiff, cold wind, and it also happened that I was hitting the ball into that wind with a—for me—delightful precision. On the way home, with the wind behind me, I was palpably less precise. I formed the opinion that all the holes were good, but the outgoing ones superbly and supremely good. Other people, who know the course well, tell me that the last nine are at least as good as the first; wherefore, I am afraid, those few surprisingly excellent shots of mine that fairly whistled through the wind have caused my judgment to "go out a-wisitin'."

However that may be, my distrust of myself has distinct limits; I am perfectly sure that this Red course—whether the first nine or the second—(we had no time to play the Blue that day) is a very good one, right up in the first class of inland courses. The place itself is quite lovely, with a noble view; the air is (as I said to my Scottish adversary, and he approved the epithet)

wonderfully "caller"; the golf is the golf of heather and sand, and there is a charming variety about the holes. For solid, formidable merit, Mr. Herbert Fowler has never done anything better than Walton Heath; it is a course for which I have a passionate respect, and if I want to see two big players have a big match anywhere near London, it is there that I shall take them. I do think, however, that, in certain respects, Mr. Fowler's art has mellowed with experience since then; he may not lay out better holes, but he lays out rather more diversified and picturesque ones, and he really has been at his best on these Berkshire courses. There seems to me to be every kind of hole there—the short, the long, the subtle, the bold, the hole that, so to speak, hits you between the eyes by its spectacular qualities, and the hole that looks plain and simple, yet gradually grows and grows on you. They are all there, and they seem to me all good: I am speaking now only of the Red course, and some people tell me the Blue is better still.

All the way round one had to be careful to readjust a little one's notions as to length. The ground is still, of course, new and slow, and just before my visit there had been days of heavy rain. Therefore a hole of 370yds. or so played against the wind appeared a very fierce two-shot hole indeed; there were a great many brassey shots to be played with the ball lying very close on the still young fairways. Even the one-shot holes seemed longer than the card declared them, because the ball fell so very dead on the greens and, altogether, one felt at times decidedly puny and paltry. One had regularly to

be imagining that in spring one would have driven the ball some thirty or forty yards farther, and then one could see the full beauty of the second shots. The short holes, of course, it was much easier to appreciate, and some of them were truly excellent. The second and fifth—135 and 170yds. respectively—were, on the day, just as good as good could be, with the wind blowing strongly from left to right, and a really accurate shot needed to hold the properly small green. There are half a dozen of them in all, and the show hole of them all is, of course, the tenth, a really tremendous hole, only 185yds. in length with such a narrow ridge, such a deep drop into heathery perdition on the right, such a voracious bunker close up on the left. I was inclined to think that the bunker on the left was a little too close, but here, again, personal considerations may affect me, for certainly I did get a real beast of a place in it.

As for the two-shotters, I thought none better than the fourth with a glorious second over a big bunker. For pure alarmingness the twelfth must take the prize; it is rather like the ninth at Swinley, a "dog-leg" up a hill with terrible trouble on the left for both the tee shot and the second. However, I have always declared that the man who describes to me, hole by hole, a course I have never seen is the greatest of all created bores; and yet here I am doing it. So I will merely tell my readers to go and play there for themselves, with my best wishes that they may go as straight as I did going out and a good deal straighter coming home.

"BEAUTY AND HIGH ADVENTURE"

Beneath Tropic Seas, by William Beebe. (Putnams, 15s. net.)

MR. WILLIAM BEEBE, the well known American naturalist-explorer and author of numerous books on wild life, has celebrated a walking tour under the sea off the coast of Haiti, in a delightful volume entitled *Beneath Tropic Seas*. The opening paragraph

gives the key to all that it contains:

You are standing on a metal ladder in water up to your neck. Something round and heavy is slipped gently over your head and a metal helmet rests on your shoulders. . . . You wave good-bye to your grinning friend at the pump and slowly descend. For a brief space of time the palms and beach show intermittently through the waves which are now breaking over your face. Then the world changes. . . .

It does indeed. As one turns the pages of this book the room in which one is reading fades from the senses, and in place is a world of perpetual delight—a wonderland of riotous vegetation, a landscape of fantastic plains and hollows, peaks and chasms. The sandy floor, the rocks, the vegetation, the very atmosphere teem with life. The waters of Haiti are gardens that suggest many of man's best efforts. Some are cast in the grand Elizabethan manner, others in the miniature, but no less lovely, Japanese style. But these gardens know no winter, for the coral trees are perpetually in bloom. By night as well as by day millions of fantastic creatures burrow beneath the coral masses, tunnel through them, climb about them, or flit around them in a ceaseless dance of life and death.

Mr. Beebe discourses upon many of the remarkable inhabitants of this aquatic underworld, and no sooner have we assimilated one marvel than he presents another for our digestion. To give a few instances at random: The trigger fish, with jaws capable of biting off and crunching to powder lumps of solid coral, is in real danger of annihilation by larger foes. To avoid such a mishap it stands and feeds on its head with its tail waving aloft among

weeds which are identical with its tail in both form and colour. A crab living in shallow water where the bottom is often churned by tropic storms into a seething stew can make itself so compact that it bounces from pillar to post like a living ping-pong ball, and when the storm is over calmly saunters abroad—to dine off those less fortunate. There is a graphic description of a giant jellyfish that relies for safety on its stinging cells, yet harbours in its interior a basketload of small fishes. Though the jellyfish relies mainly on fish for its sustenance, the elect remain in its interior unharmed, possibly attracting larger but less favoured fish to the invertebrate's table. A similar association between a jellyfish and the young of a certain species of cod exists in European waters, the baby fish feeding on the crustacean parasites of their host.

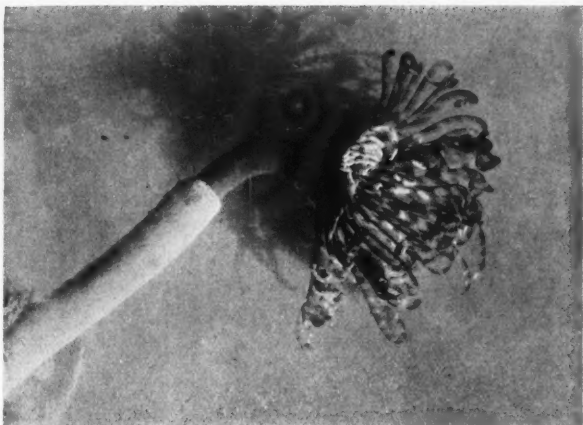
Throughout this wonderful walk Mr. Beebe, clad in merely a 60lb. copper helmet, makes notes on a zinc board with a metal pencil. He hides behind giant weeds and flexible corals that bow to the tide as do giant oaks to a sixty mile per hour wind. He hides to avoid the attention of enormous sharks following lesser sharks that are hunting a big turtle to its death. One reads of Mr. Beebe's fears and hopes in this subaqueous channel, and dwells for half a page on the fact that every bubble passing his field of vision mirrored his nightmare helmet and torso upside down. This is a most convincing piece of "atmosphere," successfully creating that sense of utter "aloneness" upon which the author dwells so skilfully with frequent but never wearisome insistence.

Certain chapters call for special notice. "When night comes to the waters" is a good attempt to paint the unpaintable—the phosphorescence of the tropic seas. Certain nights in August spent off our southern coast are sufficient to leave the average man of any imagination spell-bound for some time after the event. Mr. Beebe has seen

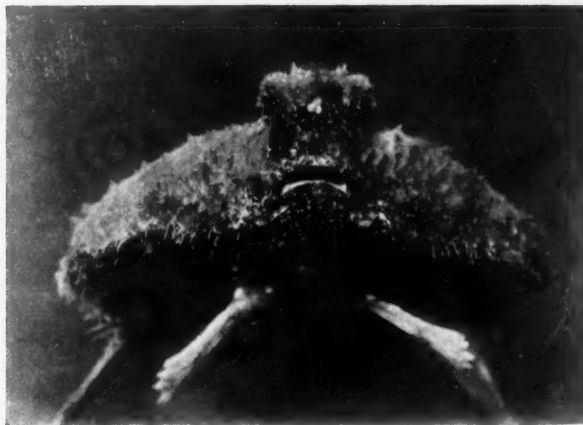


"THE AUTHOR ON A CORAL REEF, WRITING ON A ZINC PAD."

(From "*Beneath Tropic Seas*.")



TUBE-LIVING SEA-WORM.



FRONT VIEW OF BATFISH, OGCOCEPHALUS, SHOWING SENSORY TENTACLE AND LEG-LIKE FINS.

the same phenomenon carried to a much greater power beneath tropic skies, and is almost successful in his attempt to record it. The chapter upon that monster herring, the tarpon, is of interest, since it reveals the fact that this giant sporting fish often, or possibly always, spends its first years in land-locked lagoons, where it feeds largely upon aquatic insects.

The book is not offered as a contribution to science, any valuable data obtained by Mr. Beebe and the colleagues that accompanied him on this expedition being chronicled in the archives of the American Museum of Natural History, New York. *Beneath Tropic Seas* is just the record of a naturalist. It is full of scientific "chestnuts," which are presented, however, with all the bloom of their perennial youth upon them. The author spreads before street-weary eyes a world of beauty and high adventure that is no mere flight of the imagination, but solid fact. While the traffic roars around us and the telephone upsets the temper, those sunny seas and all that lies beneath them go their placid ways, awaiting the next who has the means and hardihood to visit them.

The reader interested in the exact number of motor vans and boats, spare parts for same, quantities of formaldehyde, absolute alcohol, bandages, splints, miles of hosepipe, etc., carried by the author and his companions on this expedition, is referred to a complete and conscientious appendix at the end of the book. E. G. BOULENGER.

THE NEW BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

THE New Year brings, as ever, a fresh crop of those invaluable companions of modern life, the books of reference. They, like so many benefits and conveniences to which we become accustomed, are hardly sufficiently appreciated; but one has only to imagine a world from which *Burke*, *Debrett*, the *Post Office Directory* and *Who's Who*—to say nothing of the vast number of specialised reference books as useful in a narrower field—had been withdrawn to realise how much they simplify the daily round of an active life.

As the publishers point out, the size of *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage* (Dean, 75s.) is continually increasing. In 1879 it had 1,384 pages—there are now more than 3,400. As usual, the Preface of *Debrett* makes remarkably good reading. A particularly interesting paragraph is devoted to the dukedom bestowed by the King upon Prince Henry on his twenty-eighth birthday last March, when

he was made Baron Culloden, Earl of Ulster and Duke of Gloucester. The editor of *Debrett* has some very interesting facts to give with regard to the previous holders of these titles. If it were set in an examination one wonders how many people could reply correctly to the question, "When was the title of the Earl of Ulster last borne?"—that the present holder's great-uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, bore it from 1866 to 1900.

The Editor of *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage* (Burke's Peerage, Limited, £5 5s. net), now in its eighty-seventh edition, also comments on the conferment of this dukedom as the most notable incident in peerage history during the last twelve months. As very interesting knighthoods conferred during the year, he selects those of Captain G. H. Wilkins, the explorer, Sir Edward Elgar, O.M., Nigel Playfair and Max Pemberton. The resignation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the only known instance of the retirement of an archbishop since the Reformation, is also the subject of comment. It is pointed out that Lord Davidson held his office longer than any of his predecessors since Cranmer, and celebrated his golden wedding on the day of his retirement.

Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes (Kelly's Directories, Limited, 30s.) is known to everyone. Its alphabetical arrangement enables the reader to ascertain at once whether there is any person bearing a particular title: if so, to what family he belongs; and also the heirs of any peerage or baronetage. The list includes all those who hold hereditary rank, peers and all their children, and baronets; those who hold titles or orders; Members of Parliament; all the members of the higher grades of the Diplomatic, Naval, Military, Clerical, Legal, Colonial or Civil Services of the State; Deputy Lieutenants and Justices of the Peace; King's Counsel; Royal Academicians, Presidents and Vice-Presidents of Learned Societies; Landed Proprietors; distinguished members of the dramatic, literary and artistic worlds, and leading members of the British commercial world. There are, surely, few books which contain so much information in so little space.

Who's Who (A. and C. Black, 45s.) is, of course, the desk book of every busy man and woman. The publishers point out that, although this year it is no thicker than it was last year, it actually contains sixty-eight more pages. There are few books of reference which have the human interest of *Who's Who*. Considering the enormous mass of information it contains, the comparative lightness of the volume and the clearness of the type are points upon which the Editors are to be congratulated.

The Royal Blue Book and Court Guide (Kelly's Directories, Limited, 7s. 6d.) is, undoubtedly, rather addressed to the social than to the business world. It has now been published for over one hundred years, and gives the names and addresses of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in a very large London area. Telephone numbers are given, and lists of golf clubs, and very much other information, including plans of all the West End theatres, which are often extraordinarily useful when booking seats by telephone.



"GIANT JELLYFISH, FROM THE SIDE AND FROM BELOW, SHOWING SOME OF THE THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FISH LIVING INSIDE"

THE TRIBUTE

PEDRO'S father, his grandfather and great-grandfather had fought bulls. They had excelled at their national sport, and each in his day had earned a reputation in the great rings of Southern Spain. His elder brothers were being coached in the profession by their father, and, though he was yet too young to start, he had no wish to become a matador—and said so frankly. In those days his words went unheeded; but later, when the time came for him to make a start in life and he still voiced his dislike of bull-fighting, it was a different matter. His mother was pleased (though she dared not say so), his brothers were scornful, and his father was furious. It was impossible that a son of his should refuse to follow the honoured family tradition. The father had a fine temper at times and, turning it now upon his youngest boy, he withered him with scorn and abuse. Pedro, disliking family quarrels even more than the thought of bull-fighting, eventually gave way to his father's will. His dislike of the profession lay solely in the cruelty, for he lacked not in courage—indeed, he had all the fire and dash in action which had made his ancestors famous, with something more besides: a kind of insane recklessness which made him rush at danger as it offered itself, for the mere joy of tempting and cheating disaster. This quality characterised all his fights as soon as he started life in the first-class rings, and though he had not the same *finesse* and cunning of the really great matadors, from a purely spectacular point of view, for sheer nerve and mad courage his performances could not be equalled. The crowd worshipped him.

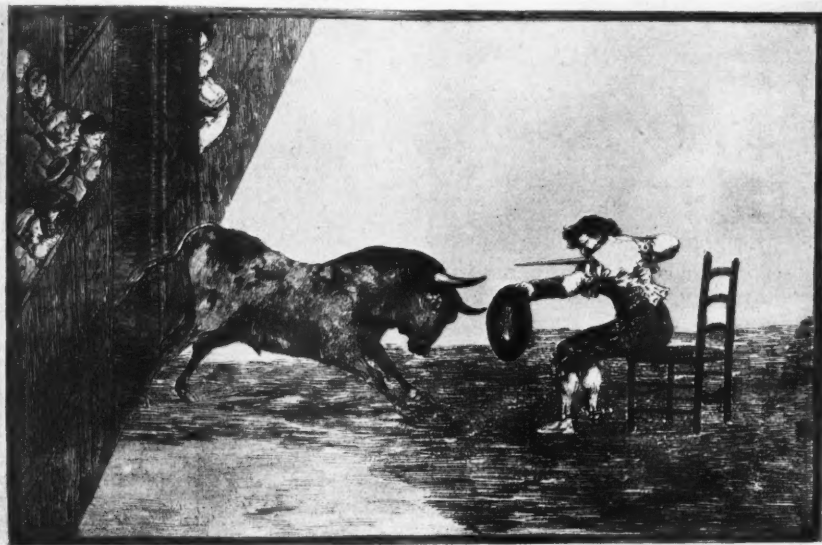
He was often hurt, however, and soon earned the reputation of being the most gored fighter in Spain. At his first big fight in Valencia he had slipped and fallen in front of the bull. The lowered horns of the charging beast had slipped up his sides, merely ripping the purple satin of his gold-brocaded jacket. It was a very close escape. Later, that black Andalusian bull had tossed him, breaking three of his ribs.

But these errors were forgiven him by the spectators for the full measure of excitement he invariably gave them. His short meteoric career was a dazzling and crowded chapter of quickly won fame, full of daring and courage intermingled with many horrible accidents. Like a rocket he soared into the public view. As a rocket ends in a burst of stars, and then—darkness, so ended his career in a blaze of glory, and then—death.

Pedro's last fight was in Barcelona, his native city. It was the feast of Our Lady of Montserrat, and an immense holiday crowd had filled the arena, which is second only in size to that of Seville or Madrid. Pedro was the day's attraction. He was to kill three of the six bulls.

The first was a fine beast with a neck like the trunk of a tree, and long black twisting horns. He had courage, too.

Some bulls, when let into the ring, stand puzzled and frightened by the waving crowd, the colour and the noise in these new surroundings. They bellow plaintively, and, ignoring the flapping cloaks of the bandilleros, trot round and round the barrier seeking a way of escape. But not so this one. Up went the gates, and in he came with a trumpet, tail in air. Looking



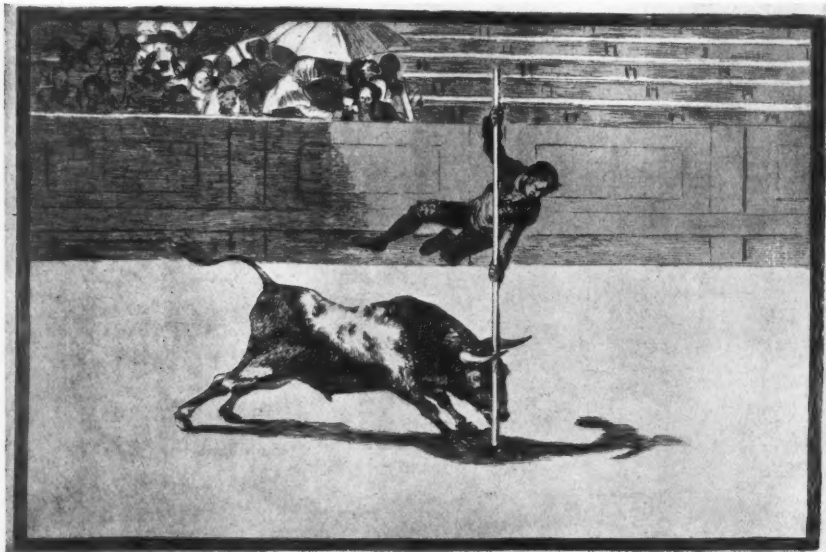
neither to left nor right, he charged across the ring and leapt the barrier, scattering the crowd in all directions. When driven into the ring once more he shot like some monstrous thunderbolt at the nearest picador, driving his horns with a horrid thud into the belly of the man's horse. With a wrench of that mighty neck he freed himself, completely disembowelling the tottering beast. He turned and did the same to another horse, this time tossing the picador over his head. The crowd roared with delight. Here was a bull!

Pedro now advanced with scarlet bandillero in hand and stood in the centre, stamping his feet and shouting abuse at the bull to attract his attention. Seeing him, it turned and charged.

The art of the bandilleros is to let the bull miss by a mere fraction by twisting aside, and, having missed, to make him turn and attack again and again the flaunting red cape. It is difficult to make an unspirited bull do it more than two or three times. Pedro succeeded in making him charge six times, each pass closer than the previous one. The arena shook with the thundering applause. Proudly he walked round the ring acknowledging the ovation, stopping to bow to the President in front of his box. Men threw their black sombreros, the cushions on which they sat, their papers—anything—at him, to show their admiration, as he strutted round smiling triumphantly. Near the entrance he caught sight of Corito sitting

in the bottom tier, her face radiant, dressed in black with a white lace mantilla decked over her high comb, a red carnation in her hair. Taking this she threw it to him. He caught it and, with a smile, stuck it in the breast of his tunic—a blood-red patch over his heart.

Meanwhile the other bandilleros were tiring the bull with darts, and, turning towards an attendant inside the barrier, Pedro chose his sword for the final act. When he was ready they drew aside to let him kill. To be successful, the sword must enter at the back of the neck and pierce down into the heart. It requires skill to kill with one such stroke, and it may be done in one of two ways: running at the bull and plunging it in, or receiving the beast's charge on the point of the sword. The last is seldom done, as the bull is usually so worn out by this time that he will stand panting for breath, watching his adversary a few feet away, not caring to move. There was only one way of killing this one, thought Pedro. So advanced slowly, the sword hidden under a short red cloth,



keeping his eyes fixed upon the vital spot behind the neck, now bleeding steadily from the barbs of the darts. The bull stood still, drawing great sobbing breaths and watching him approach with bloodshot, rolling eyes. Six paces off, Pedro stopped and, raising himself on tip-toes, showed the red cloth. Neither moved: the man poised and rigid, the bull glaring sullenly with lowered head, pawing the ground. Then, suddenly, up went his tail, and in a flash Pedro had uncovered the sword and aimed to receive the rush. With a gasp the crowd saw the matador stumble as he thrust, and the next moment he was lying in the sand with his side ripped up. He rolled clear, shielding his head with his hands, while the bandilleros standing round rushed forward to divert the bull's attention and drag him clear. Pedro rose unsteadily to his feet, thrusting away

their support and calling for another sword. Taking this, he waved them aside with curses, furious at having missed after the applause of a moment ago. His honour was at stake.

Very pale, with blood pouring from his side down his breeches and staining his white silk stockings, he advanced once more. Maddened with pain the bull rushed a second time. The sword went truly home, up to the hilt. But Pedro had been too weak to leap aside as he thrust, and once more those horns gored him. As he fell, so did the bull. It sank to its knees, blood pouring from its mouth. With an effort Pedro raised himself to a kneeling position and watched his enemy die in front of him. Taking the blood-soaked carnation from his torn jacket, he tossed it towards his noble adversary—and fell forward, dead. A. C. D.

AT THE THEATRE

A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

IT is with the sense of having behaved very badly in the matter of theatre-going during the holidays that I sit down to write this article. Leaving the London theatres to look after themselves, I suddenly made up my mind to hook it for Paris, with the mental reservation that the readers of COUNTRY LIFE might like to know something of theatrical goings-on in the gay city. At the last moment my friend telephoned me not to forget my golf clubs—a behest I somewhat fearfully obeyed. Golf in Paris at Christmas—that sounded like the sort which characters in a story by Mrs. Woolf might indulge in. Well, we played, and at St. Cloud, after some delicate negotiations at the Embassy, whereby I realised for the first time what the Diplomatic Service is for. Let me assure my eminent colleague, Mr. Darwin, that this is not going to be a golf article—or, at least, I hope it is not. Anyway, that which I played was not golf. It was bitterly cold and excessively misty, and one had the impression of driving into a landscape by Claude. However, after the fourth hole or so, my score came down to single figures, largely through cannoning successfully off an enormous dovecot. Be it said, too, that a local rule permitted the ball to be teed by hand after every shot, but not, so I gathered from an elderly caddy remarkably like Molière's Monsieur Jourdain, in bunkers or on the greens. (These latter were remarkably fast, about twice the speed of Walton Heath, though much less true.) The distinguished diplomat with whom I played agreeing that such a rule was preposterous, we played the ball as and where it lay, or made suitable and sometimes successful endeavour to. The second half of the match came to resemble golf more nearly, but I cannot think that one down, a bisque to give and five holes to go is the best time to choose to inspect a piece of sculpture. Still, it had to happen. There is a bosky little wood by the thirteenth green, and in it was a neglected, pathetic little monument. Beneath the bust of a young man of fine features was written simply: "A Henri Regnault, Peintre, Tué à l'âge de 27 ans par les Allemands, au combat de Bugenval 19 Janvier 1871." There is something tragic in a monument to one killed in any war before the last; such a memorial is the very signpost to oblivion. However, there it was, and there, too, was our match, which finished on the last green to my discomfiture and with my opponent's last bisque still improperly up his sleeve. When and where he should have taken it is not, I submit, fitting matter for a theatre article. Lunch at the palatial clubhouse was excellent, a Mersault of no date proving, as to both bottles, singularly to our taste. Before leaving the subject, one might ask whether golf in France is always as expensive as was our game that morning. The green fees, caddies and tips to caddies came to 270fr., and the lunch and taxi to 240fr., all of which is a bagatelle to diplomats, but amounts, for a working journalist, almost to an expense. I have added nothing for lost balls and a lost half-crown. My friend, who is a philosopher, pointed out that we had to spend the morning somehow, that he might have bought another Utrillo and that I might have squandered money upon first editions or silk socks. I agreed.

We ought, of course, to have gone to see "Topaze," the new comedy at the Variétés, of which everybody is talking. Nobody, however, could be found to tell us what "Topaze" is all about, and nothing will make me believe that there can be anything more boring than a French comedy which does not hit one's taste. What we did, effectively, was to make a list of the things we would not see. I put my foot down first with "Primerose" at the Comédie Française, an old piece about a young woman who takes the veil but is rescued by

her lover the day before she is to cut off her hair for good and all, in the time-honoured phrase. This nonsense is at least ten times more sentimental than our own "Sweet Lavender," and certainly twenty times less amusing. It is a great favourite with family parties after a heavy Sunday lunch. My friend refused to contemplate "Rose Marie" at the Théâtre Mogador, and I followed suit with "L'Arlésienne" at the Odéon. For one thing, I have seen Daudet's masterpiece played by Tessandier in the actual arena at Arles. And we agreed definitely about "The Ringer" at the Théâtre Albert Ier. No foreign lingo should pollute our Wallace, whom we both prefer neat. Then by good luck we happened to note that the Opéra was giving "Le Chevalier à la Rose," after "Carmen" the most enchanting light opera ever written, not forgetting that good piece of German gingerbread, the "Meistersinger." I think it was Stevenson who said that, having made all possible efforts, he had come to know that there were four plays of Shakespeare which he would never read. I know now that I shall never understand the plot of "Rosenkavalier," though I see Strauss's *chef d'œuvre* another dozen times. For that reason, and because I will not make the attempt again, I refused to have anything to do with the book of words. Nor did I bother about a programme, being determined to let the music happen and no more.

Doubtless I shall be told that the artists were the most celebrated of French singers. She who played the Marschallin had a voice of sufficient quality. Though, like the bride in Montaigne's story offered to the poor wretch on the scaffold, this actress had a distinct limp, she gave one the correct impression throughout of the real *grande dame*. Octavien had the freshest, jolliest voice imaginable and Sophie's was correctly peit and a trifle lighter in body. I suppose the Baron Ochs was as good as a Frenchman can be. But boorishness comes within the scope not of French but of German genius. On the second night we regaled ourselves at an almost bloodless performance at the Grand Guignol, where the main piece, "Gott Mit Uns," turned out to be a discussion in a blown-in dug-out between French and German professors of philosophy who continued to philosophise though buried alive. The evening concluded with a farce in which a guillotine figured largely. The prisoner having been pardoned by *ce chameau de Président*—no offence to any living person, the President in question being an Aunt Sally undefined—the machine was used for slicing sausages. And so, as Pepys said, to the Place Pigalle. The following evening saw us at the Mathurins to see how Mr. Noel Coward's "Hay Fever" would go under the title of "Week End." It went famously, as was only to be expected, since our neighbours are almost as famous for their sense of the preposterous as for their sauces. I am not going to say that Géniat was any better than Tempest—to adopt the French way of alluding to a famous actress—but she was undeniably very good indeed, while the rest of the cast were even more subtly ridiculous than our English players. The audience lapped up both play and acting with the greatest possible delight, and I was proud to realise that we were laughing at English wit. But, perhaps, we weren't. Perhaps Mr. Coward's "Noelisms" are only Gallicisms in disguise? For a final evening we went to the Moulin Rouge, where we saw an elderly lady called Mistinguett do some remarkably sprightly things, including somersaults. I hope readers of COUNTRY LIFE will forgive this trivial account of an excursion into a theatre which is not theirs, and that Mr. Darwin will pardon an unaccountable intrusion upon ground which is not mine.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

LOW FEE STALLIONS

CRITICISM OF JOCKEY CLUB ACTION.

IN some recent notes I referred to the Jockey Club's amendment of a rule, the effect of which after the first of March next will be to abolish stallion allowances in a number of quite important breeders' races. As an extremely weak and altogether unsatisfactory substitute for what has been taken away, the Jockey Club announces that races may be given confined to the produce of stallions "covering in Great Britain, Ireland or the Channel Islands at less than a specified fee," provided certain regulations affecting the registration of the stallion's fee have been complied with.

Perhaps I should explain that in the past allowances, varying, say, from 3lb. to 12lb., have been given to the produce of stallions serving below specified fees. I might give two examples taken from last season's flat racing. Organic won the Stud Produce Stakes of the value of over £2,000. The filly had 12lb. off what would have been her weight had she been sired, say, by the leading sire, Phalaris. She was, however, sired by Stratford, who in his first year of stud life was at a 9-guinea fee. In consequence of the success of Organic and others, Stratford's fee has now jumped to £149. Fuzzy Wuzzy won the Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes at Liverpool for Mr. J. B. Joel. He enjoyed the big benefit of that 12lb. allowance because, when his dam was mated, the sire, Black Jester, had so descended in the scale that from being a 300-guinea sire his fee became the nominal one of 9 guineas. Black Jester's owner found that he could not get public mares to the horse and, therefore, gave him three or four of his own mares and registered the fee at 9 guineas.

Now, the logical mind has to link up cause and effect in these matters, and one feels that the action into which the Jockey Club appears to have allowed itself to be veritably stamped was in a measure inspired by this case of Fuzzy Wuzzy. Some may remember that an objection was lodged against this two year old son of Black Jester on behalf of Colonel Clare, the owner of the second. He alleged that Black Jester was not a public sire and that he would not have been available for mating with mares outside of Mr. Joel's stud at a 9-guinea fee. The local Stewards dismissed the objection, and on appeal it was dismissed by the Jockey Club Stewards. Apparently everything was in perfect order. The fee had certainly been duly registered in accordance with the rule. Yet one is bound to link up the incident with all that has occurred since.

What is the position to-day? The allowance is abolished in all the big money events that made the entering of progeny of the cheap sire a fascinating gamble, which was not brought off as a rule. Still, when one by an unfashionable sire did win, the fact reacted wonderfully in favour of that sire. And while there was all that to gain, it follows that entries of mares in foal, and of foals and yearlings, were made on a generous scale, the outcome of which was substantial contributions to the size of the prizes. Those prizes must diminish in value in future for the very simple reason that the old inducement to enter will no longer exist.

As Mr. J. B. Joel, in a protesting letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, states: "What sane man is going to enter in breeders' races mares covered by a cheap horse on equal terms with the produce of mares covered by such great sires of the day as Phalaris, Tetratema, Hurry On, Buchan and others?" Then the breeder of Sunstar, Black Jester, Humorist, Jest, Princess Dorrie, Our Lassie, Glass Doll and Your Majesty (all classic winners) goes on to confirm what I emphasised in *COUNTRY LIFE* recently when he says: "I think it will be agreed that, except for those who are specially favoured and privileged, it is not possible

to get subscriptions to the high-class horses of the day, although applicants are willing and able to pay the fees demanded. Thus the Jockey Club force people to go to the cheap sires and at the same time deprive them of what has been their only encouragement to do so. Can it be their argument that by doing away with the cheap stallion there will follow a big improvement in the breed? It is a dangerous view on which to legislate."

It is rather odd to find one who has bred all those classic winners mentioned above at his Childwickbury Stud now championing the apparently lost cause of the cheap sire. When Sunstar passed his zenith and Black Jester made that sharp descent in the equine social scale, Mr. Joel was left without a first-class stallion. He would have given £100,000 for Gay Crusader nine years ago or so. He put in black and white a firm offer of £75,000 for Solario the day after that horse won the Coronation Cup at Epsom as a four year old. The Aga Khan is reputed to have offered £100,000 for the horse, but that was not in the form of a firm offer. Mr. Joel's offer was.

He gave his brother, Mr. S. B. Joel, £7,000 for the half share of Oojah, a sum which was above the horse's value at the time. He determined to give the horse a lot of his own mares, and by putting him at a nominal fee get the stallion allowance for the progeny. The abolition has come too late to stop Oojah from making good in the event of his young stock winning races with the help of the considerable allowance to which they will be entitled. Thunderer was another horse he so exploited, and Eudaemon, sired by him, won at Newmarket last autumn, served by the allowance. He had intended so to use Priory Park, the winner of such important races as the Lincolnshire Handicap, City and Suburban, Royal Hunt Cup and Stewards Cup, but the Jockey Club action has killed that idea. Priory Park has been sent back into training and can at this moment be bought for £2,000!

If it be the case that the Jockey Club has legislated against this phase of breeding as a whole in order to show disapproval of the quite legitimate policy of an individual breeder, then it can be criticised for action which is wholly lacking in breadth and foresight. It seems to have been forgotten what a number of the great sires of this and other generations would probably never have been heard of had they not been given the advantage of this allowance in breeders' races. Sundridge, the sire of Sunstar and other celebrities, began his career at a 9-guinea fee. Abbot's Trace, who his owner, Lord Dewar, was advised to have shot by a renowned expert who serves that owner to-day, began stud life at a modest fee. To-day his fee is £300, for last season he finished fourth on the sires' championship list with a large number of winners to his credit.

Let us suppose the leading stallions reach the limit of their capacity with 400 mares. All the rest of the 7,000 or so registered thoroughbred mares must be mated with low-fee stallions, their produce being compelled to race in breeders' races on equal terms with the produce of the 400. That, quite plainly, is wrong in principle and thoroughly bad legislation. And the extraordinary thing is that the Jockey Club has done this with everyone in opposition except the owners of the fashionable sires and the fortunate owners of mares with assured subscriptions to them during the next three years. Clerks of Courses view the abolition with concern, and there is unanimity among those responsible writers on racing for the *Daily Telegraph* (in which Mr. Joel's letter was published), the *Times* and the *Morning Post*. They regard the action of the Jockey Club as unfortunate and retrograde.

PHILIPPOS.



'CHASING AT NEWBURY. THE LAMBOURN HANDICAP.

CORRESPONDENCE



"KABUL'S TOWN'S BY KABUL RIVER,
BLOW THE BUGLE, DRAW THE SWORD."

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF KABUL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The news from Kabul has been anxiously awaited of late, so I send you a bird's-eye view of the "East End" of the Afghan capital. Kabul lies in a valley some 6,000ft. above sea level; it is surrounded by precipitous mountain ranges which are snow-bound for many months. The temperature varies some thirty or more degrees daily and, while the maximum in summer generally touches 105°, it drops to below zero in winter. The road to India, *via* Jalalabad, passes by the valley on the extreme left. The town is, as will be seen, fairly congested, and all the houses seen in the illustration are constructed of mud; but a new city is under construction at Dur-ul-Aman, three miles distant, and, in time, the existing city may dwindle.—L. H. SPINKS.

"MODERN FURNITURE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Ralph Edwards' letter, published in your issue of December 22nd, recognises a challenge to the designer of furniture to-day. He must equal the beauty of past work. More than this, if his rivalry is, in this respect, successful, he must overcome the decent prejudice of conservatism and—a harder task—the timid opinions that shelter in accepted standards. Some criticisms upon modern silverwork, which I overheard at the recent exhibition at Oxford, are, perhaps, worth stating; for the answers to them have a general application. The most important were, first, that it was not necessary to go beyond the range of old designs, and, secondly, that the new work was "self-conscious" (by which "conscious" was generally meant). The second point is, perhaps, the harder to deal with. The work of any period in the past seems to us now unself-conscious, when we look at it in historical perspective. But regard it, isolated from its future, as the product of a once modern generation—take, for instance, the rococo work of the 1740's in sequence from the simplicity of 1710—and see if the search for new forms to express new fashions or ideas is not deliberate. No artist, no generation, deserves record that does not hope to contribute to history. And, apart from such aspirations, a changed manner of life will provoke new problems. In furniture design, the small flat of to-day, where every inch of floor space has importance, states new proportions. Besides this, the shapes into which our clothes are folded demand containers of which the dimensions differ from those made to hold dresses fifty years ago. Here are new problems calling for solution; and we cannot doubt that our designers will solve them with a beauty, state and convenience that will make this generation memorable.—ANDREW SHIRLEY.

VALEWOOD FARM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The excellent illustrations of my old farmhouse, of which Mr. Oliver Hill is now the tenant, that were published in your October number, naturally interested me; but when the writer of the article describes the house as in "a ruinous state," I really must protest. It amounts almost to an indictment of the landlord for neglect and carelessness, whereas my family and myself have always been most solicitous about its future, and before Mr. Hill's tenancy I spent a considerable sum in

carefully considered repairs. My anxiety is, and always has been, that its character as a unique building should not be lost. Whether decorations of an Italian source are in keeping with a fifteenth century farmhouse is a matter of opinion, but, knowing your interest in old buildings, I should like to assure you that Valewood Farm will be carefully preserved so long as my family and myself control its future. I may add in conclusion that my friend, the late Mrs. Allingham, has left several charming drawings in water colour of my old house.—ALICE DAFFARN.

FOR AND AGAINST THE SPARROW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am a Cuban living on the farm which I own in Spain, and I buy your paper in the *Librerie Française* in Barcelona. In the issue of December 8th, in the Correspondence page 836, I read, "Where Sparrows are Becoming Extinct." We consider that it would be very good for us if we could include our country among those where the sparrows were extinct. You would oblige me if you could answer the following questions: (1) Are people of these countries glad or sorry that the sparrows are extinct? (2) In those countries from which the sparrows disappear are there other small birds? (3) Do other small birds suffer from the disease that affects the sparrows? In the United States of America they consider that it does more good to destroy sparrows than to keep them. Here, in Spain, the law does not allow us to destroy the sparrows, but some farmers (and I one of them) have made a fight for it in the papers, giving our reasons why we think the destruction of sparrows should be allowed.—A. SOLER MONES.

[We sent our correspondent's letter to Miss Pitt, who kindly replies: "These questions open up some most interesting problems, and it will be best to deal with them in the order in which they are put. (1) As to whether the loss of sparrows is a matter for rejoicing, even without an answer from the inhabitants of the Shetland Islands (it will be remembered it was in the Shetlands and upon Fair Isle that sparrows were reported to be dying), there can be little doubt they would be glad to see the last sparrow gone, for sparrows, in the past, have been a pest in many parts of these islands, doing much damage to the scanty crops of the islanders. (2) In the Shetlands small birds of the finch type are scarce, the twite being, in addition to the sparrow, the only resident one. (3) There is no evidence that the sparrow malady affects other small birds, but, in view of the absence of finches from the Shetlands, such evidence can hardly be expected. (4) Whether it would be desirable to exterminate sparrows is a question on which there will always be differences of opinion, the unquestioned damage done to crops being balanced by the insects destroyed by the sparrow, which feeds its young entirely on small and often injurious caterpillars. On the whole, and viewing the sparrow in its relation to humanity, recognising that it is a semi-parasitic species, that it has spread over the globe in its rôle of hanger-on of our race—its arrival in that isolated spot, Death Valley in California, was recently announced!—and that for the greater part of the year it lives on our produce, especially the farmer's grain, the verdict must be against it. But

even if the sparrow could well be dispensed with, it does not follow it would be wise or desirable to try to infect the sparrows of any country with the malady fatal to the Shetland sparrows. The economic importance of insectivorous birds is so great that it would be the height of folly to risk infecting them as well as the sparrows, and until we know more of this disease there is, undoubtedly, such a risk."—ED.]

PATHS AND THE PUBLIC.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Although myself an ardent pedestrian, and so in fullest sympathy with your correspondent Mr. Thompson in his efforts to preserve our foot and bridle rights of way—main roads being now completely spoiled for those who love to go on foot—I should yet like to put a word in for the farmer and his point of view. With much increased facilities for townsfolk penetrating country districts, footpaths are now more than ever used by those who seem to think that liberty to tread them carries right to wander at their will about the fields they traverse, to destroy the hedges, gather flowers where they like, and romp or rest in grass put up for hay. A Shropshire relative of mine spends no small portion of the early summer evenings in a needful watch upon his meadows, which have paths innumerable and lie too near a little country town. I doubt if a "consideration" for such paths in fixing rent can compensate for damage done. Again, I feel quite sure that many paths exist which have but little real use. The greatest "path-land" that I know of is in western Gloucestershire, between the Severn and the Wye; there I could walk for miles with only now and then short intervals of road. In one field near my house there was a path on three of the four sides. One, leading from the church and railway station to a hamlet of that large and scattered parish, was in constant use; that on the field's far side was rarely trodden; while the practical utility of the third may be judged from the one fact that, all its length, it ran beside a lane, being only separated from it by the hedge. Such hedge-side paths are easy for the farmer to maintain in good repair; they do not interfere with work upon the land. But an adjoining field of arable was crossed diagonally by a quite fairly travelled path. The farmer, a man greatly liked and much respected, utterly ignored it, but did not dispute its use; while we pedestrians were content to take it under all its changing forms. Each year the field was ploughed, regardless of the path, and walkers made their way across the furrows as they could; as the crop showed above the ground we trod it down to mark our line; and when the summer came and we must brush waist-high through rustling wheat or oats, we used a sweet discretion, and avoided travelling by it shortly after heavy rain. What could the farmer do in such a case? We did not look for him to lay a track of stones or cinders year by year. In rural life there must exist a certain give and take. And, after all, what is a little honest country mud—clean mud, and free from petrol's scent or iridescent gleam? There are still those who would like well to see again, in place of smooth and gleaming tarmac, the old muddy roads of winter, with their sky-reflecting puddles, and to hear once more the wheels grind heavily upon a casual stretch of fresh-laid stones.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

THE DELUGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As at the moment theologians are again declaring the Deluge (among other Bible stories) to be "a legend," I thought this illustration of a faded sixteenth century print might, therefore, interest your readers. It is a curious design, certainly. For instance, the birds on the roof of the Ark are as large as a bird in the foreground. The peacock's tail (if on the same level) would be as tall as the elephants. The cock (behind the peacock) would be a monster if beside the hares in the foreground. One building survives the general destruction—apparently the church seen on the horizon.—ALICE HUGHES.

A FRIEND OF ROBINS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder if you would like a photograph of a little robin, taken in my garden. He has no fear of me, sits on my back while I weed in the garden, sings while on my shoulder, takes his "afternoon nap" on my knee, sometimes for nearly an hour, with head tucked under his wing, while I read or work, and this in the house. For two years he has brought up his brood close to the door that leads into the house, and daily fed them from my hand his spouse venturing now and then with him. It was so pretty to see them in the house together; he would shout his loudest if I was not there at feeding time. Alas! this summer a stray cat got the little hen bird. I found



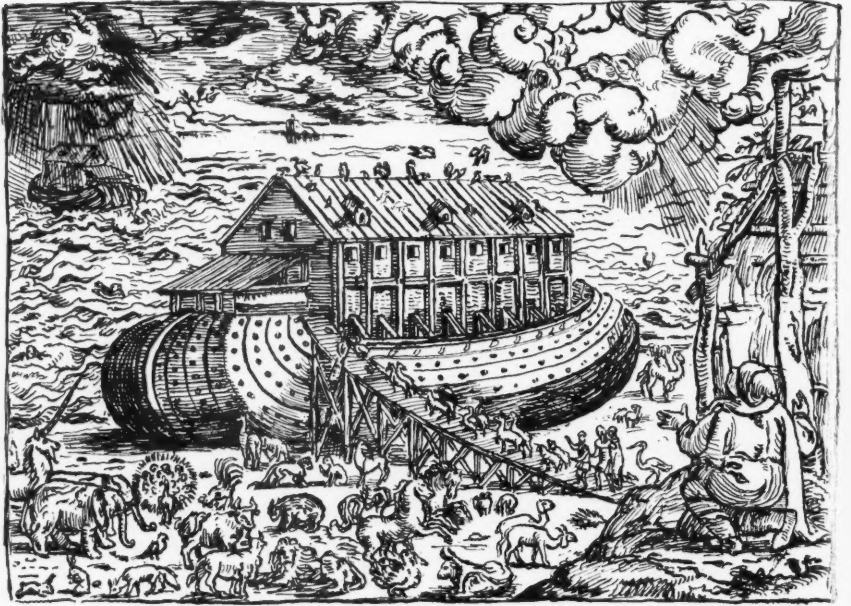
THE BIRD WHOM MAN LOVES BEST,
THE PIOUS BIRD WITH THE SCARLET BREAST.

him almost dead, waiting for me one afternoon, with a tiny babe, the sole survivor of the nest; He flew on my hand, took a worm, and fed the young bird, then flew away, and I never saw him again. I think he must have died almost at once. I picked the tiny bird up and reared it; it slept in a basket in my bedroom at night. When he was able to fly from the table to the bed, he would settle himself on my pillow against my cheek, but not before I gave him his first breakfast, which, if he did not get at once, he would peck my cheek till I awoke. When he was able to feed himself and fly about the house, I let him out into the garden. For a fortnight he came back for food, and found his way to his old roosting place on the curtain pole, flying out of the window before I was up. I gradually lost sight of him till a fortnight ago, when a shy bird appeared again and seemed to know my voice. It may be the same one. It may interest you to know they, one and all, loved the gramophone, and would come in from the garden and sit on it, silently listening to it.—R.

PICTURES OF COLLEGES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The photographs you reproduce in COUNTRY LIFE of the interiors of our country houses and of the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges are always marvels of photography, but may I, as an old Cambridge man, specially congratulate you on the photographs you have shown in recent issues of Jesus College, particularly the stall end on page 770 and the interior of the chapel on page 771. Looked at in the ordinary way, the photograph on



THE ANIMALS WENT IN TWO BY TWO.

page 771 is superbly good, but, reversed and looked at the other way round, strange to say, it is even better. It is a masterpiece of photography.—S. O. A.

QUOITS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Does anyone now play quoits? I have always thought that this is an extinct game, but I understand that the Hastings municipality, which provides facilities for most forms of sport, has now received the suggestion that it should similarly arrange for quoits in one of the public parks. But no one seems to know what are the rules of the game. Are quoits now played anywhere in the country?—DONALD SMITHSON.

[A form of quoits is, we believe, regularly played on board ship and also in public houses, but in the latter cases the game is somewhat different in kind from the original game, in that the rings are thrown over pegs on a board on a wall and not stuck in the ground. We imagine that the old-fashioned quoits may still be seen occasionally in country villages, though it is much rarer than it used to be. Perhaps some of our readers can enlighten our correspondent.—ED.]

"ART TREASURES AND EARTH-QUAKES."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I believe Mr. G. Long to be quite mistaken, in his letter on page 916 of last week's COUNTRY LIFE, in thinking that the statue of the Hermes of Praxiteles is embedded in concrete to protect it from earthquakes at Olympia. Without wishing to dogmatise, I believe that, in reality, it is embedded in plaster

up to the knees in order to hide the rather unsatisfactory restoration of the legs below the knee. I protested against this barbarous treatment in the *Times*, but without result. The statue owes its preservation to the fact that it became embedded in the clay resulting from the disintegration of the walls of unburnt brick of the Temple of Hera.—BERNARD HOBSON.

BOB SAWYER'S ROOMS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In his agreeable criticism of the *Pickwick* play, Mr. George Warrington alluded to the party in Mr. Bob Sawyer's rooms and added, "or were they Mr. Benjamin Allen's?" The question is surely not admissible. May I recall his attention to a passage which, I am sure, he knows at least as well as I do: "'Have the goodness to keep your observashuns to yourself Sir, I beg,' said Mrs. Raddle. 'I am not aweer Sir, that I let these apartments to you, Sir.' 'No, you certainly did not,' said Mr. Benjamin Allen."—B. D.

BRICK AND TIMBERED CHURCHES.

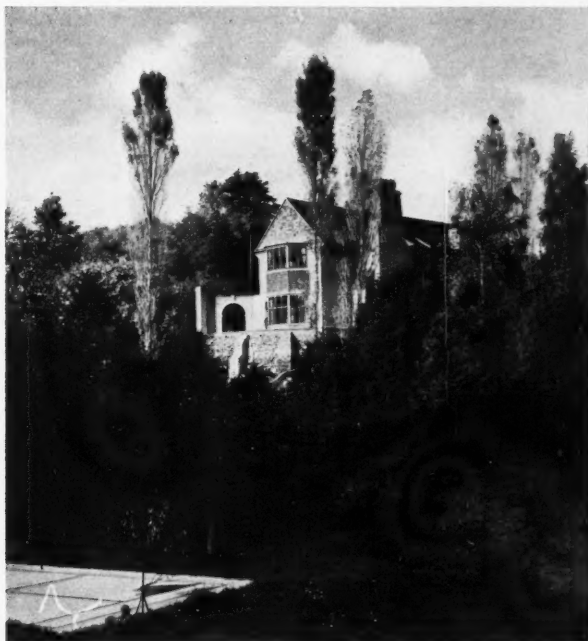
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A little time ago you published some pictures of brick and timbered churches, and I wonder if it is too late to include among them this one at Mattingley in North Hampshire. The building of it is usually ascribed to Bishop Waynflete (1447-1487) and, though restored in 1857 and again last year, the work in the chancel is almost entirely original. The body of the church is divided into nave and aisles by four arches of well moulded timber, and the walls are throughout of squared beams of upright wood filled in with thin, diagonally placed bricks.—WINIFRED MAGNAY.



MATTINGLEY CHURCH IN HAMPSHIRE

ADDITIONS TO A COUNTRY HOUSE



SHORTHEATH BEACON, NEAR FARNHAM, SURREY: TWO VIEWS OF NEW WEST END.

W. J. Palmer Jones.

It often becomes necessary to increase the accommodation of a country house, and the architect's task especially is to do this in such a way that the addition accords with the main body of the house and has nothing of the look of an appendage. The illustrations on this page show an addition which has been made very successfully to Shortheath Beacon, near Farnham, by Mr. Palmer Jones.

The main part of the work consisted in pulling down the west end of the house and building out westwards, so that the existing drawing-room and bedroom above it were rather more than doubled in size. And on the south side of the rooms thus enlarged a sturdy chimney stack was required to be built in the traditional Surrey manner, to provide large open fireplaces in recesses. The one in the drawing-room has low built-in oak seats, the fireplace itself being in simple brickwork with a bolection-moulded surround in cast stone. Over it is a panel formed of small facing bricks set in a pattern, with little arched recesses on either side.

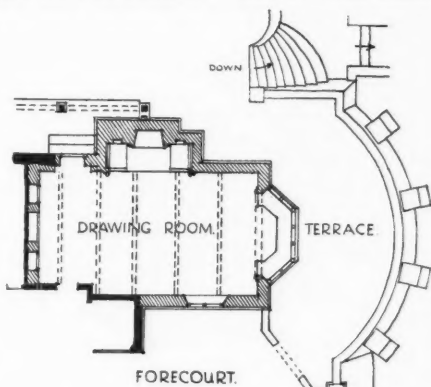
The whole of the drawing-room is panelled in oak to a height of about seven feet, the oak having been finished by "Drytone" to a pleasant grey-brown colour and wax polished. At the west end of the room is an oak-framed bay window with metal casements and leaded lights; a wide low seat being formed in the bay. From this point there is a very pleasant view over the grass terrace in the foreground, with its stone retaining wall,

and across the little wooded valley to meadowland beyond. The existing beams and the necessary new ones were cased in oak and finished like the panelling, and the whole room was laid with Tasmanian oak in narrow widths, secret-nailed and waxed. This makes an excellent floor.

An interesting detail is to be noted on the inner end wall. It is panelled like the rest of the room, and has on either side two glazed china cabinets. Between these was the original fireplace. This has been extended and formed into a cupboard which is hidden by the panelling, this cupboard being adapted to accommodate a wireless set. The set and its batteries are in a lower compartment, while the loud-speaker is in an upper compartment. Wireless is now rightly regarded as an indispensable adjunct, especially in a country house, but its gear has always a laboratory look. To conceal it thus is, therefore, an admirable expedient; but in new houses architects might more often think out some sort of a niche treatment with a grille or other covering.

The walls of the addition are faced with local red bricks to match the existing house. For similar reasons, dark brown hand-made tiles were used for the new roof, and the tile-hanging to the gable and bay is of dark red tiles. Other work at the house carried out to Mr. Palmer Jones's design has included the remodelling of the entrance porch and the addition of a new bathroom.

R. P.



BAY WINDOW AND INGLE FIREPLACE IN DRAWING-ROOM.

THE ESTATE MARKET

A TURNOVER OF MILLIONS

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY'S sales last year amounted to £6,639,513, and their total realisations in the period 1919-1928 were £55,268,002. Results last year exceeded by over a million sterling their average annual turnover in the ten years. The figures for 1928, £6,639,513, compare with £6,601,271 in 1927.

SALE OF 55,000 ACRES.

SINCE Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. sent us their review of business in the year 1928, they have effected sales which bring their aggregate for the year to approximately three and a half millions sterling. They state that "The net area of English land that has passed through our hands in the year is large, actually over 85 square miles, and though this is not the largest area that the firm has bought and sold in a year, the 55,000 acres thus dealt with are noteworthy in this respect, that their handling has involved a very great deal more work than in any previous year, because, partly from the nature of the estates, the number of individual lots has greatly exceeded the average proportion in former years. Shooting and fishing rights, and, in some cases, timber, have had frequently to be the subject of separate valuations and contracts."

SOME NOTABLE SALES.

THE summary of their transactions in the Supplementary pages of COUNTRY LIFE, December 15th (page xi), shows that they were associated, or negotiated, with the following, among other leading firms, during the year: (1) Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in the case of the Surrenden Dering domain of 3,815 acres in East Kent, of which the mansion and the pick of the sporting remain for sale; Foxhill, 2,292 acres, in Wilts; Sharnden Manor, 386 acres, at Mayfield; and the purchases of Hollington House, 1,150 acres; Barleythorpe, 156 acres, at Oakham; and property at Pewsey. (2) Messrs. Tilley and Culverwell, in the sale of 2,566 acres of Westonbirt. (3) Messrs. Hampton and Sons, in the sale of Portley, 33 acres, at Caterham; and the purchase, from clients of that firm, of Court House, Kings Sutton, near Banbury; and 60 acres of the Freae estate, Twickenham, Messrs. Trimming and Co. being associated in that transaction. (4) Messrs. Stiling, Ker and Duckworth, in sales of 5,000 acres of Exmoor land, including Dunkery Beacon. (5) Messrs. Lister-Kaye and Co., in reselling 1,000 acres of Aston, in Yorkshire, and, with that firm and Messrs. Henry Spencer and Sons, as regards 950 acres of Wallingwells, on the Notts and Yorks border. (6) Messrs. Walker, Walton and Hanson, in selling Tollerton, 1,198 acres, at Nottingham; and (7) sales of Suffolk estates with Messrs. Robert Bond and Son and Messrs. Woodcock and Son. (8) Messrs. Daniel Watney and Sons, Tilgate Forest Lodge and 290 acres. (9) Messrs. Douglas Killick and Co., 800 acres of Scaynes Hill and Lindfield. (10) Messrs. Geering and Collyer, 970 acres of Haremere, Etchingham. (11) Messrs. Powell and Co., a Lewes property. (12) Messrs. Richard Ellis and Son, in selling Lilystone Hall, Stock. (13) Messrs. Stanford and Son and (14) Messrs. Kemsleys, as to other Essex estates. (15) (16) Messrs. Rumball and Edwards, for Bride Hall, Wheathampstead. (17) Messrs. Harrods, Limited, selling Digswell Place, Welwyn, 60 acres, and (18) Messrs. Mandley and Sparrow, a St. Albans freehold. (19) Messrs. Osborn and Mercer as to Chetwode Grange, Bucks, 184 acres. (20) Messrs. Wilson and Co., 345 acres of Deer Park, Honiton. (21) Warwickshire estates, with Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock. (22) Northants sales and purchases of large areas with Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff. (23) Messrs. Royce in selling Old Hall, Rutland; (24) Wilts estates, with Messrs. Thake and Paginton; and (25) Messrs. Whatley and Co. (26) Messrs. James Harris and Sons, of a square mile at Stockbridge, and (27) Messrs. Richard Austin and Wyatt, another Hants estate, at Brockenhurst. (28) Messrs. Nicholas and Mr. John Stanley Bell, 310 acres of the extensive Inglewood House, and (29) other Newbury estates with Messrs. Dreweatt and Watson. (30) The sale to a client of Messrs. Giffard, Robertson and Lucey, of

Hardres Court, Canterbury, 385 acres; (31) to Messrs. Wilson and Co., of 85 acres in Hawkhurst; and (32) Messrs. Langridge and Freeman, of a large Sevenoaks residential property. (33) Surrey sales were made with Messrs. Rogers and Coates, Messrs. Chas. Osenton and Co. and many other leading agents. Their town house sales and purchases included transactions with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, Messrs. Curtis and Henson, Messrs. Hampton and Sons, Messrs. Wilson and Co., Messrs. Gouldsmith, Son and Olliff, Messrs. Robinson, Williams and Burnands, Messrs. William Willett, Messrs. Ernest Yates and Co., Messrs. Finch, Finch and Co., and Messrs. Davis and Co.

"Our list of transactions" (Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. say) "contains various examples of the sale of a property by a vendor who has bought another of those named therein, and the transfer has by no means been, as a rule, from a larger to a smaller estate. In one case, at any rate, the vendor of a historic house was to be congratulated upon removing to another, notable historically and of at least equal merit as a house. Buying for occupation has almost wholly ousted the operation, so frequent two or three years ago, of buying for conversion into institutional or kindred uses. The advocacy (in COUNTRY LIFE) of reducing the accommodation in the larger mansions is having its effect, and, in at least one case, a seat that was designed for the vast scale of entertaining usual in the later Victorian days, has been judiciously cut down in size.

"Some fine work of a decorative and structural nature is being put into many of these mansions that are being modernised, and credit is generously due also to the architects who specialise with marked success in the problem of improving the older town and country houses. It is incredible how much their ingenuity and initiative can accomplish, often at a very negligible expense, to make such houses admirably comfortable, and in such matters as lighting, heating and labour-saving, essentially different from what the first occupiers put up with.

"Altogether, it has been a good year, whether viewed from the standpoint of vendor or purchaser, and one of its best aspects has been the maintenance of values in every section of the market, with the single exception of farms, but, such are the relieving measures now afoot, that the corner may have been turned as regards agricultural depression, and a more cheerful note on that subject may, we hope, be sounded when the story of another year comes to be written."

EXQUISITE PROPORTIONS.

KEDLESTON within represents a development of Sharncliffe, and is akin to the great internal work at Syon, contemporaneous with Kedleston. *Vitruvius Britannicus* notes that "The Salon is a singular contrivance," and it is remarkable for beauty of proportion, and undoubtedly surpasses the pretentious oval salon at Stowe, which Signor Borra built for Lord Temple. Kedleston salon is 42ft. in diameter and 55ft. in height, with four alcoves, each 11ft. in diameter and 22ft. high, and the coffered dome is on a pleasing scale and finely treated. The scagliola pillars are attributed to Bartoli, and the four chioscuro over the alcoves to Rebecca, an artist who worked under Wyatt at Heaton Hall.

Every minute detail of Kedleston, including furniture, was thought out, and may be seen in drawings preserved in the Soane Collection. The dining-room ceiling was planned to receive Zuccarelli and Zucchi landscapes, and the wall panels for paintings by Claude Lorraine, Snyders, Romanelli and others. The drawing-room, originally decorated with blue damask hangings, has a coved and richly decorated ceiling, closely according with a design dated 1760, reminiscent of earlier Adam work at Hatchlands. The mantelpiece, notable among the many in the mansion, resembles similar work at Croome and Harewood. The columns and pediment of the Venetian window are of Derbyshire alabaster. The library is, perhaps, not so successful as a revelation of Adam genius, except in those parts, such as the grand mantelpiece, which are in exact accord with the master's sketches.

Too often Adam had to complain, as he did about the Empress Catherine's piano, that "this design was much altered by the person who executed it."

Coming to a characteristic feature of Kedleston, the east and west quadrant galleries, connecting the main block with the wings, we find that they are each planned to terminate in a window. This follows the Stoke Park principle, which is attributed to Inigo Jones. The credit for this happy treatment of the Kedleston problem is to be ascribed either to Brettingham or Adam, seeing that Paine, when building Thorndon Hall in 1763, did not adopt it. It is a reversion to true Palladian, witness the plan for the villa at Miega.

The present offer of a tenancy of the Hall affords, it will be seen, a glorious opportunity for a man of wealth to enjoy the influence of some of the noblest Adam work, and residence in a mansion which is in every respect furnished and adorned in a manner worthy of it. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are the agents for Lord Scarsdale in the proposed letting, which was announced in these columns on December 15th.

VALE ROYAL SALE.

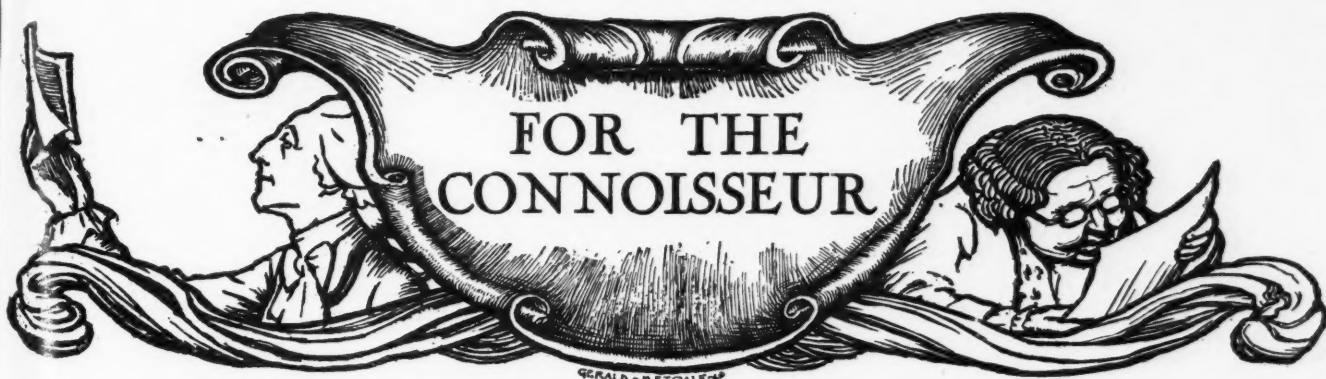
LORD DELAMERE'S Vale Royal sale at Crewe, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, involved only 3,896 acres between Chester and Crewe, as a number of the tenants on the estate had already purchased their holdings. There remained to come under the hammer eighteen farms, varying from 55 to 256 acres; thirty-one small holdings; and sites, many of which overlook the Sandiway golf course. One hundred and thirty-one lots have been disposed of for a total of £101,780. Some of the more notable sales were The Blue Cap Hotel, Sandiway, which sold for £5,000; and The Vale Royal Abbey Arms Hotel, Oakmere, for £3,500. Oak Mere and Oakmere Common, 146 acres, were purchased by Lord Waverley for £2,500; Pool Farm, Winsford, 33 acres, realised £2,250; Park Farm, Winsford, 165 acres, £5,000; Bawsgate Farm, Whitegate, 54 acres, £1,350; Redhouse Farm, Whitegate, 35 acres, £1,600; Cassia Green Farm, 321 acres, £5,250; Chaise Farm, Marton, 92 acres, £2,450; Marton Green Farm, 24 acres, £1,175; and Daisy Bank Farm, Whitegate, 20 acres, £1,050. The estate of Vale Royal includes the bulk of the lands once farmed by the monks of Vale Royal Abbey. The monks of the Cistercian Order, the eight hundredth anniversary of whose coming to England was celebrated last year, have been called the greatest farmers in mediæval England, and the development of English husbandry was to a large extent due to them. At the Dissolution the abbey was laid in ruins, and its site, with other lands, granted to Thomas Holcroft, and remained in the family for two generations. The estate was then purchased by Mary, Lady Cholmondeley, who, on her demise in the reign of Charles I, settled Vale Royal on her fourth son, of whom Lord Delamere is a direct descendant.

BARRIE'S BIRTHPLACE.

SIR JAMES BARRIE'S birthplace, a cottage at Kirriemuir, has been bought by Major R. D. Lauder (Kensington) for presentation to the public. It is mentioned in the novelist's *Margaret Ogilvy*, the portrayal of his mother.

New flats to be built at Maida Vale on a novel ground plan, and embodying other features of exceptional interest, are said to represent Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's inspiration, and they will be so arranged that nowhere will the blocks adjoin except at a right angle, thus showing corners instead of a full frontage to the street and garden.

Goldicote, Warwickshire, realisations by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, acting in conjunction with Messrs. Walker Barnard and Son, include a large proportion of the estate, near Stratford-on-Avon. The sales at and since the recent auction total some 900 acres out of 1,100 acres, and include the home farm, about 225 acres; Upper Farm, Loxley, 230 acres; Alveston Pastures Farm, 293 acres; Goldicote Lodge, with about 50 acres; also some of the woodlands, accommodation lands and cottages. The mansion, until recently the Warwickshire seat of Lord Portman, is available, with the park of 58 acres and a lodge and modern cottages. ARBITER.



COINS OF THE EARLY ROMAN EMPIRE

THE coins of Rome, although artistically inferior to those of Greece, have, for the numismatist of wide interests, a unique fascination as illustrations of some of the most important periods not only of ancient, but of world history. Of these periods, which together make up what we call Roman History, none has greater significance than that which saw the government pass from the hands of a hopelessly enervated republican senate into the control of a single individual, and that individual control itself, starting as a genuine attempt to enlist the co-operation of the old aristocracy, change inevitably into a completely unconstitutional despotism. It is to this period that the remarkable set of coins illustrated here, at present at Messrs. Spink's, belongs.

The earliest coin in this set (Fig. 1) dates from a little before the Imperial period, but is interesting for the significance of its issue by Antony. Octavian, the future founder of the Empire, is still far from a position of sole command. In fact, in the year of which this coin reminds us—34 B.C.—the chances seem to favour Antony, a man at the height of his powers and of varied experience, rather than his still youthful and delicate rival. There is no open quarrel yet between them, and, according to a recent agreement, Antony is consolidating the eastern half of Rome's dominions, while Octavian looks after the west. Examining more closely, however, the real historical significance of the imposing inscription "Armenia Devicta" on the coin, we find that already that side of Antony's character was beginning to assert itself which made it impossible in the end that he should ever attain sole power. His most pressing obligation as eastern commander was undoubtedly to reduce the ever-restless Parthians, yet just this his carelessness had prevented him from doing, in spite of the combined advantages of an enormous force,



1.—COIN OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

2.—COIN OF AUGUSTUS STRUCK AFTER ACTIUM.



3.—COIN OF DRUSUS, SON OF TIBERIUS.



4.—MEDALLION OF AUGUSTUS.



5.—COIN OF TIBERIUS. ON THE REVERSE A QUADRIGA.

6.—COIN OF AUGUSTUS. ON THE REVERSE, JULIA BETWEEN HIS GRANDSONS.



7.—COIN OF CALIGULA AND AGRIPPINA THE ELDER.

8.—COIN OF CLAUDIUS AND AGRIPPINA THE YOUNGER.



9.—PROVINCIAL COIN OF NERO, SHOWING HEAD OF POPPÆA SABINA.



10.—COIN OF TIBERIUS WITH HEAD OF LIVIA, WIFE OF AUGUSTUS.



11.—COIN OF NERO AS A YOUNG MAN.

12.—COIN OF NERO, FROM THE BOSCO REALE FIND.

internal dissension among his enemies, and an alliance with Armenia, the buffer State, which made Parthia accessible to him on its weakest side. The influence of Alexandria was already at work (the head of Cleopatra appears on the reverse of this coin), and all he accomplished was an attack on his own ally Armenia and the murder of its king, planting a justifiable hatred in the hearts of a people whose position was of the utmost strategic importance to Rome.

With the exception of this reminder of the times when the first Emperor's most formidable rival had still to be crushed, the period illustrated by these coins is that of the early Empire from Augustus to Nero. Augustus, with a tact more valuable than genius, took well to heart the lesson taught by Julius Caesar, whose fate was the result of treating honoured republican institutions with contempt, and avoided the assumption of any title or office which might sound offensive to the Roman ear. But an inevitable process followed, by which, from being *primus inter pares*, the head of the State became an openly absolute monarch. The two chief powers, which together made Augustus virtually master of the State although both had a good constitutional ring, were the *proconsulare imperium* and the *tribunicia potestas*. This latter became a basis for dating, the years being counted from that in which the Emperor first assumed its rights. It was, of course, impossible that a rule so republican in form should be officially hereditary, but the basis of power could be handed on by the conferring of these rights. It was in this way that Tiberius was marked out as successor to Augustus. The legend "TR POT XVII" on the reverse of the coin of Tiberius shown in Fig. 5 illustrates this, for he was given the *tribunicia potestas* some years before he became Emperor.

A step towards autocracy taken by Augustus was the reservation for the Emperor alone of the coining of gold and silver. Only copper coins were left to be minted by the Senate. He did, however, introduce a new series in copper and one in brass, both of which we find stamped with the letters "s c," standing for *Senatus consulto*, as in Figs. 3 and 10.

It might be mentioned that local mints all over the Empire had to have an Imperial licence, so that, whether a coin was of Antioch or Athens, it was a Roman coin with the type and legend of the town in which it was minted. One of these Greek provincial coins is shown in Fig. 9, which presents on the obverse the head of Poppæa Sabina, wife of the Emperor Nero, with the legend "Augustus" translated into Greek.

Augustus' desire to have a successor of his own family brought him nothing but a series of disappointments, and he was at last reluctantly driven to nominate his elder stepson, Tiberius, whom he disliked. The uncomfortable position of knowing himself to be a "last resource" should not be forgotten in making an estimate of the next Emperor's much maligned character. Tiberius (whose head is seen on the obverse of the coin shown in Fig. 5), on his accession to power, was already a man of fifty-six, soured by constant slights. He had been made not only to act as guardian to his stepsons with the knowledge that they, not he, were destined for the succession, but even to put away a wife whom he loved and to marry her stepmother whom, with good reason, he hated, to further the plans of Augustus.

The reign of the madman Caligula, who appears, with his mother, in Fig. 7, has more interest for the writer of sensational fiction than for the sober historian. Claudius, his uncle, who succeeded him by the curious method of being found by members

of the Pretorian Guard after the murder of his nephew hiding behind a curtain in the palace, and promptly saluted as Emperor, is a more interesting figure. Fig. 8 bears his portrait on one side and, on the other, that of his ambitious wife, Agrippina the younger, sister of Caligula. The butt of his contemporaries, ungainly, cowardly, and of archæological tastes, Claudius has yet emerged in the light of modern research as a ruler of real common sense, with the welfare of the State at heart and quite unsparing of himself in his efforts to compass it according to his own ideas. Especially interesting to us, but a notable achievement in itself, is his conquest of Britain. A material monument to his reign is still to be seen in the impressive line of arches that spans the Campagna, the remains of his great aqueduct. His wife gives us an example of the prominent part played by women in the affairs of the Julio-Claudian house, which is attested by the number of female heads appearing on their coins. The Agrippina, when success had crowned her determined effort to marry the Emperor, began immediately to scheme for the succession of her own child by a former husband. Her plan involved the removal of Claudius' own son, which, in time, was duly carried out. This was the way in which Nero came to the throne. Fig. 12 gives us a realistic enough portrait of this notorious man, the victim of heredity and the artistic temperament. Suetonius records that at his birth his own father, in reply to the congratulation of friends, expressed his conviction that anything born of himself and Agrippina must, of necessity, be "odious and a public pest." This coin, and one or two others at Messrs. Spinks, came from the famous Bosco Reale find, which contained a large number of Roman Imperial *aurei* dating from Augustus to Vespasian.

K. G.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY OAK ARMCHAIR

THE oak chair of the seventeenth century, which preserves the stile and rail construction, and which has its four sturdy legs braced by stretcher-rails, is remarkable for its lasting qualities; while the flat modelled carving or strapwork enrichment upon its back panel and cresting was also designed for long duration. A writer of the last years of the seventeenth century, when describing varieties of "joint" or "joyner's" chairs, speaks of those having stays on each side as being "arm chairs or chairs of ease," but it is difficult to link modern ideas of ease and comfort with the typical oak armchair of this period, with almost vertical back, seat of solid wood, and heavy arms roughly cut to a curve. Two armchairs of the seventeenth century, from Messrs. Keeble of Carlisle House, are characteristic examples of the vigorous Yorkshire panel-back type, stoutly made, and enriched with flat modelled carving which retains a certain formality of design. The earlier armchair, which bears the date 1617 on the larger back panel, is carved in the centre with an enriched lozenge; above this, again, a narrow oblong panel is carved with a stiff spray of flowers. The curved cresting which crowns the back rail is carved with a grotesque human mask and with thumb-cuts. A roughly carved terminal figure has been applied above the springing of the arms. The front legs are of columnar form, and connected to the back legs by a stretcher. In the second chair, which dates from the late seventeenth century, the carved cresting is an important feature, but extends, in this case, beyond the top rail, where it is supported by brackets, or ear-pieces, which are attached to the sides. The cresting, which is hooped, and depressed in the centre, is richly carved with foliations, which extend over the ear-pieces in the form of serrated leaves. The style of this carved enrichment is somewhat similar to that of an oak armchair in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which comes from Thorpe Arch Hall in Yorkshire, and is dated on the seat 1682. Also from a Yorkshire home is an armchair of simpler type at Messrs. Keeble's, in which the back panel is incised with a rosetted lozenge, and the back rail is crowned by a pediment-shaped cresting developed at either

end into scrolls. The arms in this case are set in unusually low, and the arm supports are, consequently, very short; the legs are of baluster form. In the same collection are a number of court cupboards of varying sizes, one of great size in three stages, and another of unusually small proportions, of which the canopy finishes at either end in acorn-shaped pendants, an ornament which, in the late seventeenth century, superseded the structural supports of bulbous or columnar form. The frieze centres in a small human head carved in relief. The lower stage, which is panelled, possesses its original iron cock's head hinges, an unusual survival; in the upper stage, the centre panel, which is fixed, is carved with a formal flower, while the two side panels open as cupboard doors. The frieze of the lower stage is carved with a guilloche, interrupted here and there by a lozenge. The acorn pendant of the

small size of the upper part of this cupboard is characteristic of Lancashire and Yorkshire court cupboards of the late seventeenth century. A very long three-tier cupboard has the two enclosed lower stages enriched with low-relief carving both on the panels and the framework, while the canopy of the third tier is supported by four bulbous supports with Ionic capitals. In this interesting piece the uppermost frieze is enriched with reversed gadrooning, except for the large centre panel, of which the various facets are carved.

In the same collection is an oblong *gros-point* carpet worked in bright and effective colours. Upon the field, of which the ground is yellow, the design, of bold formal foliations, is in crimson and greens, while on the border is worked a series of foliate scrolls.

J. DE SERRE.

AUGUSTUS JOHN AND WILSON STEER EXHIBITIONS.

THE authorities of the Tate Gallery are, it is understood, arranging to hold two exhibitions of the works of Mr. P. Wilson Steer and Mr. E. Augustus John, A.R.A. It should be possible to make these quite comprehensive, and there is little doubt that the majority of owners would be glad to contribute anything asked for.



OAK ARMCHAIR, LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.